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Collected and Edited by
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EDIGRAM AND EDITAPH
PHILOSOPHY
SENTIMENT

New York and London G. P. Putnam's Sons

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Epigram and Epitaph

EPIGRAM AND EPITAPH.

An epigram is like a bee—a thing
Of little size, with honey and a sting.

—WIGGLESWORTH, from Martial.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

—JAMES SHIRLEY.

T seems to me there are two ways of defining the word epigram. The idea at first suggested is that of a striking thought set forth in sharp, terse, usually antithetical language, which carries conviction. The second idea is that expressed in the dictionary definition-"a pointed couplet or stanza, a short poem ending in a turn of wit." This refers to a form of epigram that came to be the exact opposite of the other,—a labored, punning rhyme. generally ill-natured. Many English writers, from Ben Ionson to Praed, have affected this style of writing; but we can say of their epigrams, as Campbell said of the works of Gay: "They are on our shelves, but not in our pockets; in our remembrance, but not in our memories." The fact that they are in rhyme excludes selection from them for this volume. The ancient Greeks and Romans, and the French writers of fifty years ago, are masters of the first-mentioned form of epigram; although some of the most notable specimens are found much nearer home. Holmes' remark in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," "I never wrote a good line in my life, but the moment after it was written it seemed a hundred years old," applies peculiarly to epigrams. They have a flavor of age, they impress you as having been growths and not creations, they are the crystallizations of old thought, and so have been made by accretion. The old-fashioned essay gave much more opportunity for their production than the modern novel.

The words of celebrated men, either at death or in memorable crises, seem appropriate in this collection, as well as epitaphs, the best of which are a form of epigram. I have given a few rhymed epitaphs, since they are so fine or so famous that to leave them out merely because the general plan included only prose, seemed unnecessary.

Syllables gobern the world.

JOHN SELDEN.

I must die in harness, like a hero or a horse.

Brabe men are brabe from the bery first.

CORNEILLE

The language of truth is simple.

EURIPIDES.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserbing peace.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Dribe prejudices out by the door, they will re-enter by the window.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"If we gain one more such bictory ober the Romans, we are lost,"

Said Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, after two victories which cost him many friends and generals.

"The have fallen in with the enemy," said an officer. "Eather the enemy has fallen in with us," unswered Pelopidas.

The silence of the people is the lesson of kings.

LOANEN, BISHOP OF SENEZ.

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Inscription on the cannon near which the ashes of President John Bradshaw were lodged, on the top of a high hill near Martha Bay, in Jamaica.

No flowery road leads to glory.

LA FONTAINE.

In prostrating me, they have only thrown down the tree of liberty in San Jomingo. It will yet repel them with its roots, which are deep and numerous.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

The best form of government is that in which the people obey the rulers, and the rulers obey the laws.

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There is a higher law than the Constitution. WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

It is a tempest in a glass of water. PAUL, GRAND DUKE OF RUSSIA. Concerning an insurrection in Geneva.

I think, therefore I am. DESCARTES.

Progress is lame.

SAINTE-BEUVE.

Despotism is the bern essence of my gobernment, and it suits the genius of my land. EMPEROR NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.

If thou hast neber been a fool, be sure thou wilt neber be a wise man. THACKERAY.

It is much easier to get a new buckler than a new life. ARCHILOCHUS,

Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must. JOSIAH QUINCY.

All is lost, madam, sabe honor.

FRANCIS I.

In a letter to his mother after the battle of Pavia.

Moe to the banquished!

LIVY.

Ideas outlibe men.

GARFIELD.

"Rebolution is the name giben to successful treason and rebellion."

Is an old classic saying, from which Sir Thomas Barrington formed his famous epigram:

Trenson does neber prosper; what 's the renson? Ahy, when it prospers, none dure call it trenson.

Knowledge is power.

BACON.

He smells not well whose smell is all perfume.

MARTIAL.

Our Federal Union: It must be preserbed.

Andrew jackson.

The remedy is worse than the disease.

BACON.

O wearisome condition of humanity!

LORD BROOKE.

Wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever, we shall be called to make our exit, we will die freemen.

JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.

They only employ words for the purpose of concenling their thoughts.

Nothing is easier than to ascribe the blame of an act to the dead.

Julius Cæsar.

Virtue has many preachers, but few martyrs.

HELVÉTIUS.

Self-love is the greatest of flatterers.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Ebery Englishman is an island.

NOVALIS.

Style is the dress of thought.

CHESTERFIELD.

A public office is a guest which receibes the best usage from them who never invited it.

THOMAS FULLER.

The tree of liberty only grows when watered by the blood of tyrants.

BERTRAND BARÈRE.

He who never leaves his country is full of prejudices.

His wit, being snuffed by want, burned clear.

THOMAS KILLEGREW.

Our lawyer is never equal to our case.

Talking is one of the fine arts.

I will die in the last ditch.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

O Fiberty! Tiberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!

MADAME ROLAND.

It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country.

The heart of a statesman should be in his head.

NAPOLEON I.

The first sigh of lobe is the last of wisdom.

Antoine Bret.

They make a desert, and call it peace.

TACTITUS.

There law ends, tyranny begins.
WILLIAM PITT.

Fortune fabors the brabe. TERENCE.

Of the king's creation you may be; but he who makes a count never made a man.

Many saints habe been canonized who ought to habe been cannonaded.

It is not the weathercock that changes, it is the wind.

The always weaken whateber we exaggerate.

JEAN FRANÇOISE DE LA HARPE.

The best fire does not flore up the soonest.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The envious will die, but envy never.

Trouble brings trouble to trouble.

SOPHOCLES.

If I held every truth in my hand, I would beware of opening it to men.

FONTENELLE.

Musing near the walls of the Bastile.

We rend on the forehend of those who are surrounded by a foolish luxury, that Fortune sells what she is thought to gibe.

LA FONTAINE.

There is no Damocles like unto self-opinion.

The way to be safe is never to feel secure.

BURKE.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep.
FRANKLIN.

Honor every truth by use. EMERSON.

Often the cock-loft is empty in those whom Nature hath built many stories high.

RICHARD FULLER.

It is as hard to find a man without guilt as a fish without a backbone.

ARCHYTOS.

Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute. Charles cotesworth pinckney.

These are the times that try men's souls.

THOMAS PAINE.

Mestminster Abbey or bictory! HORATIO NELSON. On boarding the "San Nicolas."

Because thy library is full of books which thou hast bought, dost thou think thyself a man of letters?

AUSONIUS.

The pedant cares more to teach us what he knows than what we do not know.

ANON.

Aings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are robels from principle.

EDMUND BURKE.

When one runs after wit, he is sure to catch nonsense.

MONTESQUIEU.

In rochefoucauld.

Gentility is nothing but uncient riches.

LORD BURLEIGH.

Patience is the art of hoping.

VAUVENARGUES.

Truth is not impatient.

BOILEAU.

Bees are sometimes drowned in the honey which they collect, so some writers are lost in their collected learning.

HAWTHORNE.

He that hath love in his breast hath spurs in his side.

Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Time only respects that in which he has a part.

LAMARTINE.

Every one is the son of his own works.

CERVANTES.

He who suffices for himself is rich.

Momen are an aristocraty.

MICHELET.

The success of the grenter part of things depends upon knowing how long it takes to succeed.

MONTESQUIEU.

The great are only great because we are on our knees; let us rise up. PRUD'HOMME.

The man that procrastinates struggles eber with ruin.

Deep bengennce is the daughter of deep silence.

ALFIERI.

The deepest ribers have the least sound.

QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

He had a face like a benediction.

CERVANTES.

Tho best can suffer can do. MILTON.

Good-breeding neber forgets that "amourpropre" is universal. HOLMES.

It is great eleberness to know how to concerl our eleberness.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Turn the perspective-glass, and a giant appears a pigmy.

Ebery man is the architect of his own fortune.

SALLUST.

The man who masters himself is free.

EPICTETUS.

Books are spectacles to read nature.

DRYDEN.

Custom is the unibersal ruler. PINDAR.

Yow difficult it is to sube the burk of reputution from the rocks of ignorance!

PETRARCH.

Anowledge and timber should n't be much used till they are seasoned. HOLMES.

A man who is not content with a little is content with nothing.

It is nothing to die; it is frightful not to libe.

The acquire the strength we have obsercome.

EMERSON.

Prophecy is no fatalism. Augustine.

Old friends are best. John selden.

Baillery is a mode of speaking in fabor of one's wit against one's good nature.

MONTESQUIEU.

Reading maketh a full man, speaking a ready man, writing an exact man.

BAGON.

Ebery one's reason is his pribate way of deceibing himself.

ANON.

The best of prophets of the future is the past.

BYRON.

"A fool could not be silent,"
Said Demaratus, when asked if he was silent through
folly.

"It is us sharp us slander,"
Said Theoridas, of the sword he had just whetted.

Yow women lobe lobe!

HOLMES.

Bithes, the greatest source of human trouble. SENECA.

He dwells nowhere who dwells everywhere.

MARTIAL.

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

MASSIEU.

What thou lovest, thou livest. FICHTE.

Too much is seldom enough. Pumping after your bucket is full prebents its keeping so. AUGUSTUS HARE.

After all, it is the imponderables that move the world,—heat, electricity, lobe. HOLMES.

I man is seldom more manly than when he is what you call unmanned.

THACKERAY.

The two noblest things are sweetness and light.

Atheism is the suicide of the soul.

ANON.

The dibine hunger of genius.

GARFIELD.

Manners maketh man.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

In essentials unity, in things doubtful liberty, in all things charity.

MELANCHTHON.

Hindnesses misplaced are nothing but a curse and disserbice.

Hatred is like fire; it makes eben light rubbish deadly.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Taste is the soul's literary conscience.

JOSEPH JOUBERT.

Man proposes, but God disposes.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

Duty is the soul's fireside.

JOSEPH COOK.

That thou mayest be loved, lobe.

MARTIAL.

Post thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

FRANKLIN.

For to cust away a birtuous friend, I call as bad as to cust away one's own life.

SOPHOCLES.

You have silber bessels, but earthenware reasons, principles, appetites.

Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach them, or bear with them.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

The divine image in man may be burned, but it cannot be burned out. St. Bernard.

Misdom is alchemy. Else it could not be wisdom.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

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Hature is a rag-merchant, who works up every shred and ort and end into new creations.

"Pisguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slabery," said J, "still thou art a bitter draught."

STERNE.

What is a weed? A plant whose birtues have not yet been discovered.

EMERSON.

Passion often makes a fool of the ablest man, and an able man of the most foolish.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

In brief, all things are artificial; for Nature is the art of God. SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Hature is mighty. Art is mighty. Artifice is weak. Julius hare.

I am neber less at leisure than when at leisure, nor less alone than when I am alone.

Christ alone, like his emblem, the light, passed through all things undefiled.

BISHOP HORNE.

Chery character is the joint product of nature and nurture.

GARFIELD.

Put me in chains? No, no! you may put my leg in chains, but not even Zeus himself cun master my will.

In acre in Middlesex is worth a principality in Atopia.

Whosoe'er is not more than wise enough is wise.

The uncients dreaded death; the Christian can only fear dying.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom. WILLIAM PITT.

Cragedy openeth the greatest wounds, and showeth forth the ulcers that are covered with tissue.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Those who want friends to whom to open their griefs, are cannibals of their own hearts.

BACON.

They are neber alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

I can promise to be sincere, to be impartial I cannot.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.

HOLMES.

That chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound.

How blessings light on him that first invented sleep. CERVANTES.

How many are unworthy of the light! and yet the day dawns.

The judge is condemned when the guilty is requitted.

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

Eben when the bird walks, we see that it has wings.

Antoine-marin lemierre.

Eminence is to merit what fine attire is to a handsome person.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.

NATHANIEL LEE.

Fortune gibes too much to many, enough to none.

MARTIAL.

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Ho longer talk about the kind of man that a good man ought to be, but be such.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

Our most genuine birtues are those which we suspect the least.

ANON.

Ho man was ever great without divine inspiration.

All the wit in the world is useless to him who has none.

LA BRUYÈRE.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

He has a deed half done who has made a beginning.

To not praise the fairness of the day till ebening.

No and habe done. The former is far the ensier.

Augustus hare.

To libe is often n grenter proof of n firm soul than to die.

ALFIERI.

Ahnt shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!

The wormwood of conscience embitters even sorrow.

What the arts are to the world of matter, literature is to the world of mind.

GARFIELD.

Fet him who hath conferred a fabor hold his tongue. SENECA.

It is more than a crime, it is a political blunder.

JOSEPH FOUCHÉ.

I have known that I am a man, and that to me there is no more share in to-morrow's day than to you.

A friend may will be reckoned the musterpiece of nature.

Passions are defects or birtues in the highest power.

It is not he who forms divine images in gold and marble that makes them gods, but he who kneels before them.

MARTIAL.

He that studieth rebenge keepeth his own wounds green.

BACON.

Ho wickedness proceeds on any grounds of tenson.

Epigram said to habe been made by Queen Elizabeth, when asked what she thought our Sabiour meant when he said, "This is my body." It is also attributed to Pr. Jonne:

> Christ was the word that spake it; He took the bread and brake it; And what that word did make it, That I beliebe, and take it.

If any man has done wrong, the harm is his own. But perhaps he has not done wrong.

You make but a poor trap to catch luck, if you go and bait it wi' wickedness.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The dispute about religion and the practice of it seldom go together.

If they dribe the bishops from their palaces, they will take refuge in the hobels of the poor whom they have supported. If they take from them their cross of gold, they will assume a cross of wood; it was a cross of wood which saved the world.

BISHOP MONTLOSIER.

Grim death.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Inscription on the refectory of a Franciscan conbent at Byons, France:

Beware-Of wishing all you see;

- Of beliebing all you hear;
- Of saying all you know;
- Of doing all you can.

The state—it is I.

LOUIS XIV.

The world was given us for our own edification, not for the purpose of raising sumptuous buildings; Life, for the discharge of moral and religious duties, not for pleasurable indulgence; Mealth, to be liberally bestowed, not abariciously hoarded; Learning, to produce good actions, not empty disputes.

Inscription over an Arabic Mosque, copied by Sir William Jones.

He who does chil that good may come, pays a toll to the debil to let him into heaben.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

God looks to pure and not to full hands.

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

Steep and craggy is the pathway of the gods.
PORPHYRY.

If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that dribes the plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do.

TYNDALE.

Crimes sometimes shock us too much; bices almost always too little. Augustus hare.

A fault seems smaller which it takes little time to commit.

The intellect of the wise is like glass: it ndmits the light of henben, and reflects it.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

The medicine of the mind.

Inscription on a Library at Alexandria, Founded 300 B.C.

Repentance is a goddess and preserber of those who have erred.

Julian.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widows and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In regard to Sir Walter Raleigh. CECIL,

Neath borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grabe.

BISHOP HALL.

As for myself, I consider my life as but a moment; and to fill that moment with duty, is my all.

Francis Marion.

The name of Putnam is not forgotten, nor will it be but with that stroke of time which shall obliterate from my mind the remembrance of all those toils and fatigues through which we have struggled for the prescription and establishment of the rights, liberties, and independence of our country.

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

To Israel Putnam.

I was the last man in my kingdom to consent to your independence; and I shall be the last to do any thing to infringe it. George III.,

To Mr. Adams, American Minister.

To the memory of the man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

HENRY LEE,

On Washington.

He was one of the few grent rulers whose wisdom increased with his power, and whose spirit grew gentler and tenderer as his triumphs were multiplied.

GARFIELD,

On Abraham Lincoln.

The wound is for you, the sorrow is for me.

CHARLES IX.,

To Coligny, on the night of St. Bartholomew.

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready suddled and bridled to be ridden. RICHARD RUMBOLD,

Upon the scaffold.

To love her was a liberal education.

SIR RICHARD STEELE,
Of Lady Elizabeth Hastings.

That execuable sum of all billainies, commonly called a Slabe Trade.

JOHN WESLEY.

Shakespeare was not for an age, but for all time.

BEN JONSON.

Reonidus, being told that the number of Persian arrows would hide the sun, answered: "Then we shall fight in the shade."

Come quickly, @ Death! for fear that at last I should forget myself.

Remember thy end.

Engraved on the bedstead of Charles I., at Cowes.

Xincoln's heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.

Gentlemen, we have a master; this young man does every thing, is able for every thing, and wills every thing.

SIEVES,
Of Bonatarte.

The are met by the will of the nation; we shall retire only by compulsion.

MIRABEAU,
In reply to a message from Louis XVI.

Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry.

OLIVER CROMWELL.
In the midst of life we are in death.

NOTKER,

A monk of St. Gall.

"Come and take them," said Peonidus, in reply to Ferres' demand that he surrender his arms.

That is fine, and I would have praised you more if you had praised me less.

LOUIS XIV.,

To Boileau.

I am the first of my line.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

J, also, am a painter! Correggio,

As he gazed on a picture by Raphael.

Forgibe others many things, yourself nothing.

I was born un American; I libe an American; F shall die an American.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

I would rather posterity should inquire why no statues were exceed to my memory, than why they were.

Anderneath this stone doth lie As much beauty as could die, Which in life did harbor gibe To more birtue than doth libe.

BEN JONSON,
On Elizabeth L. H.

I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb, without the addition of "Mr." or "Esquire." I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whateber. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me.

In his will.

For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages.

BACON.

After me the delnge.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

And yet it mobes.

GALILEO.

After he had recanted his heresy that the world moved.

To feign n birtue is to have its opposite bice.

ANON.

Generosity is the flower of justice.

HAWTHORNE.

I can make nobles when I choose; God alone can make a man such as he whom we are going to lose.

FRANCIS 1.,

On leaving the death-bed of Leonardo da Vinci.

What is Plato but Moses in Attic Greek.
NUMENIUS THE PYTHAGOREAN.

I am going to seek a great Perhaps.

DYING WORDS OF RABELAIS.

I would meet my Creator awake.

MARIA THERESA,

Anderneath this sable hearse Lies the subject of all berse; Sidney's sister! Pembroke's mother! Death! ere thou hast slain another, Cearned, and fair, and good as she, Time shall throw a dart at thee.

This epitaph, from the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum, is there attributed to William Browne, but Whalley says it is universally attributed to Ben Jonson, and William Gifford says it was written by the Earl of Pembroke.

Chere taught us how to libe; and (oh, too high The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.

On the death of Addison.

Alas! how much less delightful it is to libe with those that survibe, than it is to cherish a recollection of you.

SHENSTONE.

On Miss Dolmen, at the Leasowes.

Here is that Raphael by whom, surbibing, Anture feared she would be surpassed, yet with whom, dying, she feared she would die.

CARDINAL BEMBO.

Here lies Estrella, who transported a large fortune to heaben in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it. ITALIAN EPITAPH.

Good friend, for Jesus' suke forbeur To dig the dust enclosed here; Blest be the man that spures these stones, And curst be he that mobes my bones. On Shakespeare's tomb, supposed to have been written by himself.

Though I belong to the Kuthernu confession, I do not desire to be followed to the grave by any

clergyman of that denomination, and I wish to dispense with any other sacred solemnity at my burial. This is not the weak funcy of a freethinker. For the last four years I have east aside all philosophical pride, and have again felt the power of religious truth.

HEINRICH HEINE,

In his will.

Pes, we shall see God as he is, face to face.

CONDÉ,

When dying.

In judgment a Hestor, in genius a Socrates, in art a Virgil.

On Martin Luther's tomb.

Shakespeare, the thousand-souled.

COLERIDGE.

She wears the crown without the conflict.

GARFIELD,

On his infant child.

"Who plucked that flower," cried the gardener, as he walked through the garden. His fellow-serbants answered: "The Muster," and the gardener held his peace.

In an old English Churchyard.

Beaben depribes me of a wife who never caused me any other grief than that of her death.

LOUIS XIV.

Not lost, but gone before. On Mary Angell, at Stepney, 1603.

The society of Acsuits is a sword whose hundle is at Rome, and its point eberywhere.

DUPIN.

Stranger, go tell the Uncedemonians that we lie here obedient to their command.

Inscription on the Spartans who fell at Thermopyla.

You have made, sir, three faults in orthography. DE FAVRAS.

To the clerk of the court which had given his deathsentence.

The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. TERTULLIAN.

A poet, naturalist, and historian, who scarcely left any style of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn.

SAMUEL JOHNSON,

On Goldsmith.

The attentibe eyes that saw the manners in the face. SAMUEL JOHNSON,

On Hogarth.

And so sepulchered, in such pomp dost lie, That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

MILTON,
On Shakespeare.

Angelica Naussman, doomed to tears and grief, to her sweetest, kindest husband, not as she had prayed.

On the tomb of Antonio Zucchi.

My epitaph shall be my name alone;
If that with honor fail to crown my clay,
Oh, may no other fame my deeds repay;
That, only that, shall single out the spot,
By that remembered, or with that forgot.

Byron's epitaph on himself.

Harewell! but not foreber.

COWPER,
On Northcote.

God wills us free, man wills us slaves; I will us God wills. God's will be done! Here lies the body of John Jack, a native of Africa, who died in March, 1773, aged about sixty years. Though born in a land of slaves, he was born free; though he lived in a land of liverty, he lived a slave, till, by his honest though stolen labors, he acquired the source of slavery, which

gabe him his freedom; though not long before Peath, the grand tyrant, gabe him his final emancipation and set him on a footing with kings. Though a slabe to bice, he practised those birtnes without which kings are but slabes.

From a stone in the Concord, Mass., burying-ground.

I was Epictetus, a slabe, a cripple, and a beggar, and dear to the immortals.

Epitaph which Jock Young, un Oxfordshire squire, caused to be cut on the stone that cobered Jonson's grabe:

@ rare Ben Jonson!

I made my life my monument.

BEN JONSON,

On Sir Charles Cavendish.

Here lies Æschylus, son of Euphorion, born in Attica. He died in the fertile probince of Gela, Persia, and the grobes of Marathon will eber bear witness to his balor.

On Æschylus, a brave soldier who fought at Marathon, written by himself.

Be has emigrated.

On the tomb of Hans Sachs.

To this sud shrine, who'er thou urt! druw neur; Here lies the friend most lobed, the son most deur, Who n'er knew joy but friendship might dibide, Or gube his futher grief but when he died.

Epitaph on Harcourt.

For there is no day, however beautiful, that is not followed by its night.

On the tomb of Jean d'Orbesan, at Padua.

Pere I lie entombed; wherefore I know not, Por do I care whether thou knowest: If thou art well, it is well; while living, I was well,

And mayhap I am well eben now; But be it so or not, I cannot tell thee.

On the "Philosopher of Mantua," Pomponazzi (written by himself).

I, the great Captain Keon Stozzi, I do not lie here in this urn, for so small an urn could not contain so great a man; earth holds me no longer, for a glory wider than the earth has raised me to headen as a beautiful star for mariners, so that, as in the olden time the waters carried and sustained my ships, and trembled under me, even now it pleases me to become the

God of the sen. Go, then, ye who follow me and are entrusted with my office, go boldly forth apon the waters; for there I have traced out for ye a safe and certain path.

Composed by Dubellay, for Leon Stozzi, a seaman in the service of France.

Mit's last edition is now i' th' press.

HENRY VAUGHAN,

On Fletcher.

Foe! Foe! who lies here? I, the good Earl of Debonshire; Mith Mand, my wife, to mee full dere, Me lybed together fifty-fibe year.

> What we gabe, we have; What we spent, we had; What we left, we lost.

On the tomb of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon.

On the tomb of Francois de Mercy, a general who died of wounds receibed in battle at Nordlingen:

Stop, trabeller, thou trendest upon a hero.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night; God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

POPE,

On Sir Isaac Newton.

In Mestminster Abbey, on Ephraim Chambers (written by himself):

Heard of by many, known to few, who led a Tife between Jame and Obscurity, neither abounding nor deficient in learning, deboted to study, but as a man who thinks himself bound to all offices of humanity, having finished his life and his labors together, here desires to rest, Ephraim Chambers, obiit, May 15th, 17-10.

Surdanupalus, son of Anacyndaruxes, caused the towns of Anchiales and Tursus to be built in one day. Pass on, stranger; eat, drink, and amuse thyself, for nought else is worth a fillip.

On the tomb of Sardanapalus, according to Strabo, the Greek geographer.

And at departure he will say: "Wayst thou rest soundly and quietly, and may the light turf lie easy on thy bones."

Epitaph written by Tibullus.

He was in truth a libing Bible endowed with breath, where the two cobennats were inscribed; the Gospel and the Eaw had each a bolume on

his heart. His head was the index of the holy bolume; his name the title, and his life a commentary upon the text. Oh, what a worthy and precious moment when he shall reappear in a new edition, without errata; he will then be rebound for eternity.

On Rev. John Cotton, the New England preacher, who died, 1652.

He is gone where alone his melodies can be exceeded.

On the tomb of Purcell, the English musical composer.

Here lies Henry, the Scourge of France, 1422. Virtue surmounts all opposition. Here, also, with her baliant spouse, lies the beautiful Catherine. Keep from sloth.

On King Henry V.—Westminster Abbey.

The following is from a burying-ground in Windsor, Connecticut, and is said to be the oldest inscription on a monument in the State:

Here lyeth Ephraim Poit, sometime teacher to the church of Mindsor, who died, September, Ath. 1844.

Tho when hee libed wee drew our bitall breath,

Who when hee duid his dying was our death, Tho was ye stay of State, ye chbrshes staff. Ins! the times forbid an epitaph.

Here lies John Higley, whose father and mother were drowned on their passage from America. Had both libed, they would have been buried here.

Epitaph in Belturbet, Ireland.

Epitaph composed by Simonides for Timocreon, a wrestler and satirical rhymester:

Here lies Timocreon, the Rhodian, who spent his days in eating, drinking, and slandering eberybody.

1821. Here lies, interred in the Eternity of the Past, from whence there is no resurrection for the days,—whatever there may be for the dust,—the Thirty-third Pear of an ill-spent Life, which, after a lingering disease of many months, sunk into a lethargy, and expired, January 22d, 1821, J.D., leabing a successor inconsolable for the very loss which occasioned its existence.

Lord Byron's epitaph on his 33d year.

Here lies the body of Thomas Vernon, the only surbibing son of Admiral Vernon.

In Plymouth, England.

The modest front of this small floor, Beliebe me, render, can say more Than many a braber marble can,— "Here lies a truly honest man."

On Ashton.

Epitaph placed by a Frenchman on his mother's tombstone:

First at the rendezbons.

Epitaph on the celebrated English printer and bookseller, Jacob Tonson, who died in 1735:

The bolume of his life being finished, here is the end of Jacob Tonson. Meep, authors, and break your pens: your Tonson, effaced from the book, is no more; but print this last inscription on this last page of death, for fear that, delibered to the press of the grabe, he, the editor, should want a Title. "Here lies a bookseller, the leaf of his life being finished, awaiting a new edition, augmented and corrected."

In Aliscombe churchynrd, Debonshire, is the following:

Here lie the remains of James Pady, brickmaker, late of this parish, in hopes that his clay will be remoulded in a workmanlike manner, far superior to his former perishable materials.

The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer (like the cober of an old book, its contents torn ont, and stript of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the author. (He was born Jan. 6th, 1706; died April 17th, 1790.)

Franklin's epitaph, designed by himself.

Anderneath is buried Sir Christopher Aren, builder of this church and city, who lived about ninety years, not to himself, but to the public good. Render! if thou seekest his monument, look round.

On Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's, London.

Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without banity, strength

without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the birtues of man without his bices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed ober human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of Boutswain, a dog, who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803, and died at Newstead Abbey, Nob. 18, 1808.

Epitaph written by Lord Byron on his dog.

Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him, She ran wi' speed:

A friend mair faithful ne'er came nigh him, Than Mailie dead.

On his favorite sheep.

A resurrection to immortality is here expected for what was mortal of the Reberend Mr. John Richardson, once fellow of Harbard College, afterwards teacher to the church of Newbury. Put off April 7, 1676.

Epitaph in Newburyport, Massachusetts.

The following epitaph is at Pewsey, Bedfordshire, England:

Here lies the body of Nady O'Nooney, greatniece of Burke, commonly called the Sublime.

She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious; also she painted in water-colors, and sent seberal pictures to the Exhibition. She was first cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the kingdom of heaben.

Aichard Basset, the old clerk of this parish, who had continued the office of clerk and sexton for the space of forty-three years, whose melody was warbled forth as if he had been thumped on the back with a stone, was buried on the 20th September, 1868.

In a Sussex churchyard.

The epitaph on Thomas Wilson, Ford Bishop of the Isle of Man, closes thus:

This monument was exected by his son, Thomas Wilson, a native of this parish, who, in obedience to the express commands of his father, declines giving him the character he justly deserbed. Vet this island speak the rest.

Epitaph on F. Gedge, a printer, died 1818, in the churchyard of Bury St. Edmunds:

Here rest the remains of F. Gedge, printer.

Wike a worn-out character, he has returned to the Founder, hoping that he will be re-cust in a better and more perfect mould.

Poor Charles! His innocent pleasure was to row on the water. Alas! he was the bictim of this fatal desire, which conducted him to the tomb. Render! consider that the water in which he was drowned is the amassed tears of his relatibes and friends.

In the cemetery of Montmartre.

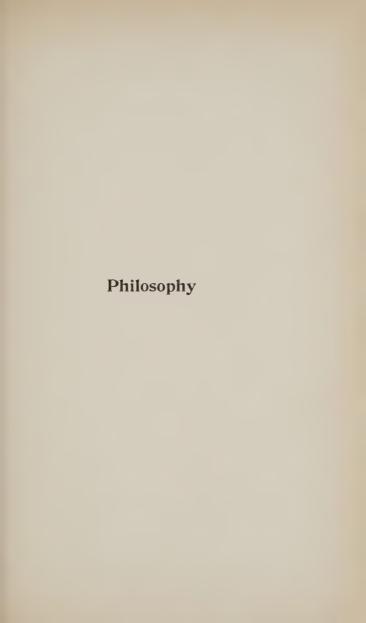
In epitaph on a tombstone in Newmarket, England, on one of two wibes of Tom Sexton, reads:

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,

She was a wife that never bexed one,

I can't say so much for the one at the next stone.







PHILOSOPHY.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.-Romeo and Juliet.

N attempting to define what utterances may be properly classified under the head of Philosophy, it seemed to me that they should generally be those which set forth or suggest a definite principle. Worldly philosophy and worldly wisdom are so near allied that perhaps any distinction would be fanciful; and the same is almost as true of Christian philosophy and religious wisdom. Still, I imagine that there is a metaphysical aspect to all themes, which is entitled to be called Philosophy rather than by the designation of her more irrefragable sister, Wisdom.



Aothing can be put, as it were, into a mental bacuum, and known in and by itself.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

Man may lay biolent hands on himself and on his own blessings, and for this he must in the second round deplore his crime with unabailing penitence.

DANTE.

The surest means to conbince one's self of a life after death is so to act in the present that one must wish it.

Tahen thou art preparing to commit a sin, think not that thou wilt conceal it; there is a God that forbids crimes to be hidden.

TIBULLUS.

The great Creator we behold not; he beils himself within his own eternal laws. The sceptic sees their operation, but he beholds not him. "Therefore a God?" he cries; "the world itself suffices for itself." And the piety of no Christian hus graised him more than does this sceptic's blasphemp. SCHILLER.

Any new formula which suddenly emerges in our consciousness has its roots in long trains of thought; it is birtually old when it first makes its appearance among the recognized growths of our intellect. HOLMES.

I neber, indeed, could persuade myself that souls confined in these mortal bodies can be properly said to libe, and that, when they leabe them, they die; or that they lose all sense when parted from these behicles: but, on the contrary, when the mind is wholly freed from all corporal mixture, and begins to be purified, and recober itself again, then, and then only, it becomes truly knowing and wise. CICERO. 52

To you wonder that man goes to the gods? God comes to men; nay, what is yet nearer, he comes into men. Ho good mind is holy without God.

Mere urt deprubes taste; just as mere theology deprubes religion. AUGUSTUS HARE.

It is impossible for the human mind to think what it thinks existent lapsing into non-existence, either in time past or in time future.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

The atheist, seeking God in bain through nature, seems like the shadow denying the existence of the sun because it never strikes upon it.

ANON.

The footprints of a barbarian in the sand probe the presence of man to that same atheist who denies the existence of a God of whose hand the whole uniberse bears the marks.

Anon.

Philosophy, like every thing else in a Chris-.ian nation, should be Christian.

It is the terror that arises from his own dishonest and evil life that chiefly torments a man; his wickedness drives him to and fro, racking him to madness; the consciousness of bad thoughts and worse deeds terrifies him: these are the neverdying Furies that inwardly gnaw his life away.

CICERO.

They who boust of their tolerance, merely give others leave to be as careless about religion as they are themselves.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

The idle business of show, plays on the stage, flocks of sheep, herds, exercises with spears, n bone cast to little dogs, n bit of bread in fishponds, laborings of ants, and burden-carrying runnings about of little frightened mice, puppets pulled by strings,—this is what life resembles. It is thy duty, then, in the midst of such things to show good humor, and not n proud nir; to understand, however, that every man is worth just so much us the things are worth about which he busies himself.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

54

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places.

EMERSON.

Fe who does not see God everywhere will find him nowhere.

ANON.

The difference between heathen birtne and Christian goodness is the difference between ours and sails, or rather between gulleys and ships.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

We must recognize a God from our own minds before we can detect a God in the universe of nature.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Eaith in the berneity of our faculties, if it means any thing, requires us to believe that things are as they appear,—that is, appear to the mind in the last and highest resort.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

As to the immortality of the soul, the doctrine of science can determine nothing; for there is

according to it no soul, and no dying or mortality—therefore, also, no immortality; but there is only life, and this is eternal in itself, and whateher life is it is just as this; therefore it affirms, as Jesus did: "Ahosoeher beliebeth in me, he never dies, but it is giben to him to habe life in himself."

I have heard that, whenever the name of man is spoken, the doctrine of immortality is announced; it cleakes to his constitution.

EMERSON.

For us laws are necessary that good manners may be prescribed, so there is need of good manners that laws may be maintained.

MACHIAVELLI.

Hoble sentiments belong alike to the cultibated and to the rude; the former express, while the latter feel, them.

ANON.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get one a good name or to supply the want of it.

BULWER.

Small draughts of philosophy lead to utheism; but larger lead back to God.

BACON.

We must reach one of two results: either learn and discover how the fact really stands; or else, should this be impossible, at least take up with the best and most incontrovertible human belief respecting it; and then, borne upon this as in a shiff, benture the boyage of life,—unless we can find a securer and less hazardous passage on the firmer support of some Pibine word.

PLATO.

For when I find that the middle condition of life is by far the happiest, I look with little fabor on that of princes.

Beauty is at once the ultimate principle and the highest aim of art. GOETHE.

An instinctibe taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeples; which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars.

All high beauty has a moral element in it, and I find the antique sculpture as ethical as Marcus Intoninus, and the beauty ever in proportion to the depth of thought.

Talent creates a work; genius keeps it from dying.

The crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness,—whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statutes, or songs.

EMERSON.

For many other reasons, the souls of the good appear to me to be divine and eternal; but chiefly on this account, because the soul of the best and the wiscest has such anticipation of a future state of being, that it seems to centre its thoughts only on eternity.

This world is to the sharpest, heaben to the most worthy.

It is a mistake to say that it is doubtful whether there is a God or not. It is not in the least doubtful, but the most certain thing in the world, nay, the foundation of all other certainty-the only solid, absolute objectibity-that there is a moral government of the world.

FICHTE.

It does not even need philosophy to enable us to despise poberty. Yook at the poor: are they not often obbiously happier than the rich? SENECA.

Creation is conceibed, and is by as conceibable, only as the ebolution of existence from possibility into actuality by the fiat of the Beity. SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

'T is the fine souls who serbe us, and not what is called fine society. Fine society is only a self-protection against the bulgarities of the street and the tabern. EMERSON.

Me get benutiful effects from wit,-all the prismatic colors,—but neber the object as it is in fair daylight. HOLMES. 59

A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms.

EMERSON.

To the man of superficial eleberness almost ebery thing readily takes a ridiculous aspect; to the man of thought almost nothing is really ridiculous.

It is easier to do justice to those who are no longer alibe, than to those who are only absent.

ANON

Man is not born to solbe the problems of the uniberse, but to find out where the problem begins, and then to restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible.

GOETHE.

To deal with the fact that things "only appear," as if it constituted an eternal exile from their reality, is to attribute lunacy to unibersal reason.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

Man must always in some sense cling to the belief that the unknowable is knowable, otherwise speculation would cease.

GOETHE.

To draw caricatures of our contemporaries is not difficult; it requires only a small portion of talent and a great want of courtesy.

B. DISRAELI.

I look upon every true thought as a baluable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hart or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever.

MIDDLETON.

I take with me everywhere that best of men, Pemetrius; and, leaving those who wear purple robes, I talk with him who is half-naked. . . . The shortest road to riches lies through contempt of riches. But our Pemetrius lives not us though he despised all things, but us though he simply suffered others to possess them.

On reberence for the authority of bygone generations depends the permanence of every form of thought or belief, as much as of all social, national, and family life; but on reverence of the spirit, not merely of the letter; of the methods of our ancestors, not merely of their conclusions.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

61

In all that surrounds him, the egotist only sees the frame of his own portrait. $_{
m ANON}.$

Repetition is the mother, not only of study, but of education. Tike the fresco-painter, the teacher lays colors on the wet plaster which ever fade away, and which he must ever renew until they remain and brightly shine.

RICHTER.

No hope so bright but is the beginning of its own fulfilment. Every generalization shows the way to a larger.

The theist, who holds the doctrine of a positive creation of all things by an act of bolition, does not suppose that the Pivine nature suffers decrement by the sum of created existences; nor does he think of God as now, in part even, metamorphosed into the universe; but as having made space richer by an absolute augmentation of being.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

In the nature of Reus, on account of the causal power, there probes to be inherent a kingly libing soul and kingly mind.

SOCRATES.

As Enbens by one stroke converted a laughing into a crying child, so nature frequently makes this stroke in the original; a child's eye, like the sun, never draws water so readily as in the hot temperature of pleasure.

RICHTER.

The ultimate tendency of cibilization is toward barbarism.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

If you cannot frame your circumstances in accordance with your wishes, frame your will into harmony with your circumstances.

EPICTETUS.

It is only before those who are glad to hear it, and anxious to spread it, that we find it easy to speak ill of others.

ANON.

Plato knew, and proclaimed with as much decision as Comte on the other side, that there could be no compromise; and that men must make their choice, whether in this uniberse they were living in the grasp of a blind, delirious giant, or holding, as a child, the gracious hand, and looking up into the clear eyes of Infinite Right and Benson.

O.

Since it is Probidence that determines the fates of men, their inner nature is thus brought into unison. There is such harmony, as in all things of nature, that one might explain the whole without referring to a higher Probidence. But this only probes the more clearly and certainly this higher Probidence, which has given existence to this harmony.

WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT.

Every thing has two handles: one by which it may be borne, the other by which it cannot. If your brother be unjust, do not take up the matter by that handle—the handle of his injustice,—for that handle is the one by which it cannot be taken up; but rather by the handle that he is your brother, and then you will be taking it up as it can be borne. EPICTETUS.

Hothing is clearer than that all things are in all things, and that just according to the intensity and extension of our mental being we shall see the many in the one and the one in the many.

HOLMES.

Those blessings which we are foreber expecting are the only ones which neber deceibe us.

ANON.

Fortune is an evil bond of the body, vice of the soul; for he is a slave whose body is free but whose soul is bound, and, on the contrary, he is free whose body is bound but whose soul is free.

The names of almost all animals, so long as they are alibe, are Saxon; when dressed and prepared for food they become Norman. . . . The Saxon hind had the charge and labor of tending and feeding them, but only that they might appear on the table of his Norman lord. Thus, ox, steer, cow, are Saxon, beef is Norman; calf is Saxon, beal is Norman; sheep is Saxon, but mutton, Norman.

Mid the Almighty, holding in his right hand Truth, and in his left Search after Truth, deign to proffer me the one I might prefer, in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request Search after Truth.

To encourage talent is to create it.

ANON.

5

Fatalism and atheism are convertible terms. The only balled arguments for the existence of a God, and for the immortality of the human soul, rest on the ground of man's moral nature; consequently, if that moral nature be unnihilated, which in any scheme of thorough-going necessity it is, every conclusion, established on such a nature, is unnihilated likewise.

SIR WM. HAMILTON.

To refer all pleasures to association is to achnowledge no sound but etho. $_{
m AUGUSTUS\ HARE}.$

There is always a best way of doing every thing, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things: each once a stroke of genius or of love,—now repeated and hardened into usage.

EMERSON.

It's well we should feel as life's a reckoning we can't make twice over; there's no real making amends in this world, any more nor you can mend a wrong subtraction by doing your addition right.

GEORGE ELIOT.

It is a hard but good law of fate, that as every chil, so every excessive power, wears itself out.

HERDER.

Every individual man has a bias which he must obey; and it is only as he feels and obeys this that he rightly develops and attains his legitimate power in the world.

EMERSON.

Cruth is so related and correlated that no department of her realm is wholly isolated.

GARFIELD.

Marriage is the beginning and the summit of all civilization. It makes the subage mild; and the most highly cultibated man has no better means of demonstrating his mildness.

GOETHE.

If life, like the olibe, is a bitter fruit, then grasp both with the press, and they will afford the sweetest oil.

To we not all agree to call rapid thought, noble impulse, by the name of inspiration? After our subtlest analysis of the mental process, we must still say that our highest thoughts and our best deeds are all given to as.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The soul is the perceiber and rebealer of truth. We know truth when we see it, let sceptic and

scoffer sny what they choose. We know truth when we see it, from opinion, as we know when we are awake. EMERSON.

Illusion is just as possible by error in the mind's neutral fint, as by a false laying on of the pure color.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

Sympathize with others, at least externally, when they are in sorrow and misfortune; but remember in your own heart that to the brabe and wise and true there is really no such thing as misfortune.

EPICTETUS.

What this country longs for is personalities, grand persons, to counteract its materialities, for it is the rule of the uniberse that corn shall serbe man, and not man corn.

EMERSON.

Of all that exists, the only thing susceptible of the prerogative of reason we must pronounce to be soul; and this is invisible, while fire and water, and earth and air, all present themselves as bisible bodies.

PLATO.

The larger the universe of our faith, the more copious are the phenomena delibered to our philosophy. So that Christianity, far from contracting the compass of our science, rather expands it to its own sublime proportions.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

Pon must libe for another, if you wish to libe for yourself.

That last day brings not to us extinction, but merely change of place.

My soul began to regret the hurshness of my first words; I almost think it regretted them a moment before they were attered. In like manner, when one meets in the road a rut or a puddle, one sees it, but has not time to aboid it.

XAVIER LE MAISTRE.

Thou hast not what others have, and others want what thou hast got; out of this imperfect state of things springs the social good of the world. If the gifts which nature bestowed on me did not fail my neighbor, he would think of himself alone, and never waste a thought on me.

CHRISTIAN GELLERT.

Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds; and until we know what has been or will be the peculiar combination of outward with inward facts, which constitutes a man's critical actions, it will be better not to think ourselbes wise about his character. George ELIOT,

To communicate our feelings and sentiments is natural; to take up what is communicated just as it is communicated, is culture.

The charlatan ascends to the lowest point of intellectual level, like those rocks on the shore which only grow large as the tide goes out.

ANON.

The name of "wise" seems to me, O Phrdrus! a great matter, and to belong to God alone. I man may be more fitly denominated "philosophus," "would-be-wise," or some such name.

He is not bery sure of self-approbation who too eagerly seeks that of others.

ANON.

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade; in short, in all management of human affairs.

I canna turn her, say what I will. It's allays the way wi' them meek-faced people; you may's well pelt a bag o' feathers as talk to 'em.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The little dissatisfaction which every artist feels at the completion of a work is the germ of a new work.

AUERBACH.

Genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction. JOHNSON.

It is always more hopeful—always, as I think, more philosophic—to throw the blame of failure on man, on our own selbes, rather than on God and the perfect law of his universe.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The great doctrines of a future state, the dangers of a course of wickedness, and the efficacy of repentance are not only confirmed in the

Gospel, but are taught—especially the last is with a degree of light to which that of nature is darkness.

Misdom is not, as you think, an art that can be learned; wisdom comes from abobe. It is what Henden sends, and only to the children of earth who turn themselbes to it.

PAUL FLEMING.

All the wise, true to the conscious dignity of wisdom, sny, with one accord, that mind is king of heaben and earth.

SOCRATES.

All that clothes a man, even to the blue sky which caps his head,—a little loosely,—shapes itself to fit each particular being beneath it.

HOLMES.

How many of our most cherished beliefs are like those drinking-glasses of the ancient pattern, that serbe us well so long as we keep them in our hand, but spill all if we attempt to set them down.

That experience which does not make us better, makes us worse.

If you wish to behold God, you may see him in every object around; search in your breast, and you will find him there. And if you do not yet perceive where he dwells, confute me, if you can, and say where he is not.

But understandest thou how much easier it is to be a pious bisionary than to act an honest part in life? how willingly the worst of men is a pious enthusiast only—at times he himself is not really aware of his motives—that he may not require to act an honest part?

Preserve your just relations to other men; their misconduct does not affect your duties.

Every man has lived long enough who has gone through all the duties of life with unblewished character.

Those who are always seeing happiness among others are those who can find it nowhere for themselves.

ANON.

Time is no agent, as some people appear to think, that it should accomplish any thing of itself.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

Thetoric may be taught, if any one thinks it worth learning; but eloquence is a gift as innate as the genius from which it springs. FARRAR.

Athen the ambitious man withdraws from the parties which have raised him to power, he resembles the fool, who, mounting a ladder, breaks the rounds after him: should he fall, it would be into an abyss.

ANON.

Tho ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?

Many people can ride on horseback who find it hard to get on and to get off without assistance. One has to dismount from an idea, and get into the saddle again, at every parenthesis.

HOLMES.

It seems as if we kept part of that happiness which we gabe away.

ANON.

There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul.

RUSKIN.

That which we are we shall teach, not boluntarily, but inboluntarily. Thoughts come into our minds by abenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through abenues which we never boluntarily opened. Character teaches over our head. EMERSON.

The best of us being unfit to die, what an inexpressible absurdity to put the worst to death! HAWTHORNE.

There are human tempers, bland, glowing, and genial, within whose influence it is good for the poor in spirit to libe, as it is for the feeble in frame to bask in the glow of noon.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

The hate we bear our enemies injures their happiness less than ours.

ANON.

The umbitious man treats his friends like the rounds of a ladder, first seizing them by the hand to mount upward, and then trampling them underfoot.

Genius, like a torch, shines less in the broad light of the present than in the night of the past.

ANON.

The best o' working is, it gibes you a grip hold o' things outside your own lot.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Fo man has a prosperity so high or firm but two or three words can dishearten it. There is no calamity which right words will not begin to redress.

He that striketh an instrument with skill, may cause notwithstanding a bery unpleasant sound if the string whereon he strikes chance to be incapable of harmony.

RICHARD HOOKER.

Always there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselbes.

CARLYLE.

Emotion, I fear, is obstinately irrational; it insists on caring for individuals; it absolutely refuses to adopt a quantitative view of human anguish, and to admit that thirteen happy lives are a set-off against twelve miscrable lives, which leaves a clear valance on the side of satisfaction.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Yoy is the mainspring in the whole round of everlasting Anture; joy, joy moves the wheels of the great timepiece of creation; she it is that loosens flowers from their bads, suns from their firmament; she that rolls spheres in distant space, seen not by the glass of the astronomer.

SCHILLER.

I sometimes think the less the hint that stirs the automatic machinery of association, the more easily this mobes us.

In the centuries before us, humanity appears to us to be growing up; in those which come after us, to be fading away; in our own, to burst forth in glorious bloom: thus do the

clouds, only when in our zenith, seem to mobe straight forward; those in front of us come up from our horizon, the others behind us sail downward with foreshortened forms.

RICHTER.

The protection of the great is like the shelter of those high trees which protect us from the rain but attract the lightning.

ANON.

He who has a good seat should not leave it.

DON JUAN MANUEL.

There is no external politeness which has not a root in the moral nature of man. Forms of politeness, therefore, should never be inculcated on young persons without letting them understand the moral ground on which all such forms rest.

Wherever there is failure there is some giddiness, some superstition about luck, some step omitted, which nature never pardons.

EMERSON.

For the bow cannot possibly stand always bent, nor can human nature or human frailty subsist without some lawful recreation.

CERVANTES.

We cannot probe our faith by syllogisms. The argument refuses to form in the mind. You cannot make a written theory or demonstration of this. It must be sacredly treated.

EMERSON.

The ablest writer is a gardener first, and then a cook. His tasks are, carefully to select and cultibate his strongest and most nutritibe thoughts, and, when they are ripe, to dress them wholesomely, and so that they may have a relish.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

How can a man learn to know himself? By reflection acher, only by action. In the measure in which thou seekest to do thy duty shalt thou know what is in thee. But what is thy duty? The demand of the hour.

I care for myself. The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect myself.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

When you are reading a book, and an agreeable idea suddenly enters your imagination, your soul attaches herself to the new idea at once, and forgets the book, while your eyes follow mechani-

cally the words and lines. How get through the page without understanding it, and without remembering what you have read. Now this is because your soul, having ordered her companion to read to her, gave no warning of the short absence she contemplated, so that the other went on reading what the soul no longer attended to.

XAVIER LE MAISTRE.

Every man has a raing corner of his life, out of which foul weather proceeds, and follows after him.

RICHTER.

Fools that we are! They should we wear our knees to horn, and sorrowfully bent our breasts, praying day and night to Mammon, who, if he would even hear us, has almost nothing to give? For, granting that the dead brute-god were to relent for our sacrificings—to change our gilt brass into solid gold, and, instead of hungry actors of rich gentility, make us all in bery deed Rothschild-Nowards to-morrow—what good were it? Are we not already denizens of this wondrous England, with its high Shakespeares and Hampdens; nay, of this wondrous

uniberse, with its galaxies and eternities, and unspeakable splendors, that we should so worry, and scramble, and tear one another in pieces for some acres (nay, still oftener, for the show of some acres), more or less, of clay property? the largest of which properties—the Sutherland itself—is invisible from the moon.

CARLYLE.

If you are robbed, remind yourself that your pence of mind is of more balue and importance than the thing which has been stolen from you.

EPICTETUS.

To recall benefits we have bestowed shows want of tact; to forget those bestowed on us, shows want of heart.

Anon.

Virtue is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence or abstaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good.

JOSEPH BUTLER.

There is no accounting for the difference of minds or inclinations, which leads one man to observe with interest the development of phenom-

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enn, another to speculate on the causes; but were it not for this happy disagreement it may be doubted whether the higher sciences could ever have attained even their present degree of perfection.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

One morsel's as good as another when your mouth's out o' taste.

GEORGE ELIOT.

It must indeed be an undiscriminating mind which cannot see that a true cause is one thing, and quite another is that without which the cause could never have causality; yet this, it seems, is what most men, with thought groping as in the dark, designate as the cause itself, assigning it a name to which it has no right.

PLATO.

It is true that misfortune—real misfortune (not imaginary, which we create for ourselbes)—is the surest touchstone of human excellence, and that equanimity and strength of mind belong especially to it; to work without constraint on the world, when fate cuts off all our springs of enjoyment, and even binds our hands in working.

How many think to atone for the evil they have done by the good they intend to do, and are only birtnous in prospective!

Our thoughts are often more than we are, just as they are often better than we are. Ind God sees as as we are altogether, not in separate feelings or actions, as our fellow-men see as. We are always doing each other injustice, and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserbe, because we only hear separate feelings or actions. We don't see each other's whole nature.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Abstract ideas and great conceit are ever on the road to produce terrible entastrophes.

GOETHE.

The ludicrous has its place in the universe; it is not a human indention, but one of the Pibine ideas, illustrated in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys long before Aristophanes or Shakespeare.

Our efficiency depends so much on our concentration, that Nature usually, in the instances

where is marked man is sent into the world, oberloads him with bias, sacrificing his symmetry to his working power.

Niberty is the right to do what the laws allow; and if a citizen could do what they forbid, it would be no longer liberty, because others would have the same powers.

MONTESQUIEU.

The present is never our goal: the past and the present are our means; the future alone is our goal. Thus we are never libing, but we hope to libe; and looking forward always to be happy, it is inchitable that we should never be so.

PASCAL.

If you choose to represent the barious parts in life by holes upon a table, of different shapes, some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong; and the persons acting those parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into a round hole.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Hature seems to exist for the excellent: The world is appeld by the berneity of good men: they make the earth wholesome. We call our children and our lands by their names; their works and efficies are in our houses.

EMERSON.

The reason why so few people are agreeable in condensation is, that each is thinking more on what he is intending to say than on what others are saying, and that we never listen when we are desirous to speak.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

How difficult it is to bring a matter before the mind of another for his opinion, without gibing a bias to his judgment!

As we grow less young, the aged grow less old: as if time gabe as the years it took from them.

ANON.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time, which happeneth rarely.

BACON-

The brilliancy of genius is admired less than its defects are noticed; as the sun is especially observed on the days of its eclipse. Anon.

Morldly fame is nothing but a breath of wind that blows now this way, now that, and changes name as it changes sides.

The more we deny ourselbes, the more the gods supply our wants.

HORACE.

Momen, in a course of action, describe a smaller circle than men: but the perfection of a circle is not in its dimensions, but in its correctness.

HANNAH MORE.

You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and seattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it.

Where there are laws, he who has not broken them need not tremble.

ALFIERI.

Indicision mars all success: there can be no good wind for that sailor who knows not to what port he is bound.

ANON.

As for farming, it's putting money into your pocket wi' your right hand and fetching it out wi' your left. . . . It's more than flesh and blood 'ull bear sometimes, to be toiling and stribing, and up early and down late, and hardly sleeping a wink when you lie down for thinking as the cheese may smell, or the cows may slip their calbes, or whent may grow green again i' the sheaf; and after all, at th' end of the year, it's as if you'd been cooking a feast and had got the smell of it for your pains.

George Eliot.

The bee and the scrpent often such at the selfsame flower; but the food undergoes in them great change, for the flower becomes poison in the breast of the scrpent, while in the bee it becomes a sweet liquid.

METASTASIO.

Truth was the message which all great men had to communicate to the human race; truth,

the relation of things to one another and to us. They discharged properly their commission, and gabe us truth, the jewel of the wise, the sword in the fool's hand.

GEORGE FORSTER.

He who gibes up the smallest part of a secret has the rest no longer in his power.

RICHTER.

We prefer to perfect people those who are worth something to ourselbes.

ANON.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity. A strong and deep mind has two highest tides,—when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

JULIUS HARE.

He cannot have a great deal of mind who cannot afford to let the larger part of it lie fallow.

MARGARET FULLER.

The clearness of the air on mountain tops deceives the eye, and brings the distant objects near; and, in like manner, the clearer the talent of an author, the easier it seems to reach.

ANON.

Power will accomplish more by gentle than by biolent means, and calmness will best enforce the imperial mandate. CLAUDIANUS.

We are never good enough at the bottom in our own eyes to be above trying to appear so to the eyes of others.

• faithful conscience, delicately clear, how doth a little failing wound thee sore!

Wooden folks had need ha' wooden things to handle.

GEORGE ELIOT.

It is by no means necessary to understand things to speak confidently about them.

BEAUMARCHAIS.

We give altogether too little importance to what we say of others, and too much to what they say of us.

ANON.

Who is the happiest person? He whose nature asks for nothing that the world does not wish and use.

In spenking of a child, we have pleasure not only from what we see, but even from what we hope for.

GOETHE.

The may receive so much light as not to see, and so much philosophy as to be worse than foolish.

LANDOR.

A man can never do any thing at bariance with his own nature. He carries within him the germ of his most exceptional action; and if we wise people make eminent fools of ourselves on any particular occasion, we must endure the legitimate conclusion that we carry a few grains of folly to our ounce of wisdom.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The longer I libe and learn experience, the more I am confinced that individual actions probe nothing either for or against a man; the whole life must be taken into account, for there is no other measure of character than the relation of the will to the conscience, or the feeling of right and wrong.

GEORGE FORSTER.

To succeed in our work, we should exuggerate its importance.

The few men who think in common with us are much more necessary to us than the whole of the rest of mankind; they give strength and tone to our principles.

GEORGE FORSTER.

If thou conquerest, do not exult too openly; nor, if thou art conquered, bewail thy fate, lying down in thy house.

There is a fellowship among the birtues, by which one great, generous passion stimulates another.

When the political economist reckons up the unproductive classes, he should put at the head the class of pitiers of themselves, crabers of sympathy, bewaiting imaginary disasters.

EMERSON.

The ingratitude of our children recalls to us the kindness of our fathers.

ANON.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

The modernness of all good books seems to give me an existence as wide as man. Ahat is well done I feel as if I did; what is ill done I reck not of.

The desire of power in excess caused angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity is no excess, neither can man or angels come into danger by it.

BACON.

Every thing in which I have been engaged in this world, as the wisest of men think, will be regarded in after-ages as belonging to my soul; at present, at all events, I delight myself with such thoughts and hopes.

A wise man will so act that whatever he does may rather seem boluntary and of his own free will than done by compulsion, however much he may be compelled by necessity.

MACHIAVELLI.

Fond indignation against bice often stands for birtue with bigots.

ANON.

We place a happy life in tranquillity of mind.
CICERO.

Success feeds with fresh hopes; they are able to conquer because they seem to be able.

VIRGIL.

The goods of fortune seldom ubuil any thing toward the relief of misfortunes sent from henden.

CERVANTES.

Speech is like cloth of Arras opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.

PLUTARCH.

Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe; evil spreads as necessarily as disease.

George Eliot.

If he does really think that there is no distinction between birtue and bice, why, sir, when he leabes our houses let us count our spoons.

JOHNSON.

It requires more charms and address in women to rebibe one fainting charm than to kindle new ones.

If we wish to be just judges of all things, let us first persuade ourselbes of this:—that there is not one of us without fault.

SENECA.

The philosopher and lober of man habe much harm to say of trade: but the historian will see that trade was the principle of liberty; that trade planted America and destroyed Feudalism; that it makes peace and keeps peace.

EMERSON.

Remember that you are an actor of just such a part as is assigned you by the Poet of the play; of a short part, if the part be short; of a long part, if it be long. Should He wish you to act the part of beggar, take care to act it naturally and nobly; and the same if it be the part of a lame man, or a ruler, or a pribate man; for this is in your power, to act well the part assigned to you; but to choose that part is the function of another.

The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it.

MACKLIN.

Chery one feels that he is something else than a nothing which has been animated by another. From this arises the confidence that death, though it may put an end to life, does not close man's existence.

SCHOPENHAUER.

There is things go on in the soul, and times when feelings come into you like a rushing mighty wind, as the Scripture says, and part your life in two aimost, so as you look on yourself as if you was somebody else.

GEORGE ELIOT.

You would wish to be proud of your daughters and not to blush for them—then seek for them an interest and an occupation which shall raise them above the flirt, the mananbrer, the mischiefmaking tale-bearer.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

Fet a man who wants to find abundance of employment, procure a woman and a ship; for

no two things do produce more trouble if you begin to equip them; neither are these two things ever equipped enough, nor is the largest amount of equipment sufficient for them.

We praise willingly in others those merits which we fancy we ourselves possess.

Suppose we put a tax upon learning? Rearning, it is true, is a ascless commodity, but I think we had better lay it on ignorance; for learning being the property of few, and those poor ones, I am afraid we can get little among them; whereas ignorance will take in most of the great fortunes in the kingdom.

He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged.

The caprices of womanhind are not limited by any climate or nation, and they are much more uniform than can be imagined.

To the student who professes his wish to rise to a loftier grade of birtue, I would answer that this is my wish also, but I dure not hope it. I am preoccupied with bices.

There is this disadbantage in writing, which brings it into exact analogy with painting: The artist's productions stand before you as if they were alibe; but if you ask them any thing, they keep a solemn silence. Just so with an author's language; you would fancy it actually charged with the thoughts it speaks; but if you ask it about something which you want to have explained, it only looks at you with the same inbariable sign.

PLATO.

Chery one is alone who has an indibidual nature: there is no complete agreement.

AUERBACH.

"How did you acquire your great fortune?" was asked of Lampis, the ship-owner. "My great fortune, easily; my small one, by dint of exertion," he answered.

ANON.

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Make men realize how much better a different choice would render them, and this new light will change their soul.

SOCRATES.

With all troubles, men suffer far less from the things themselbes than from the opinions they have of them.

Hature has her language, and she is not unberacious; but we don't know all the intricacies of her syntax just yet, and in a hasty reading we may happen to extract the bery opposite of her real meaning.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind obertasked. Good mental machinery ought to break its own wheels and lebers, if any thing is thrust among them suddenly which tends to stop them or reverse their motion.

HOLMES.

Time has delicate little wabes, but the sharpestcornered pebble, after all, becomes smooth and blunt therein at last.

RICHTER.

I say again that this is most true, and all history bears testimony to it, that men may second Fortune, but they cannot thwart her,—they may wende her web, but they cannot break it.

MACHIAVELLI.

The greatest punishment a rascal can have is to find out himself. $_{
m ANON.}$

To rule one's self and subdue one's passions is so much the more praiseworthy, as few know how to do so, and in proportion as the causes that excite our indignation and desires are more just.

Hoble blood is an accident of fortune; noble actions characterize the great. GOLDONI.

Whoso acts a hundred times with high moral principle before he speaks of it once, that is a man whom one could bless and clasp to one's heart. I am far from saying that he is on that account free from faults, but the plus et minus—the degree of stribing after perfection and birtue—determines the balue of the man.

GEORGE FORSTER,

Every man has his block given him, and the figure he cuts will depend very much upon the shape of that—upon the knots and twists which existed from the beginning. . . . It is the bain endeabor to make ourselves what we are not that has strewn history with so many broken purposes, and lives left in the rough.

LOWELL.

To be puffed up by a good action is to gibe reason to suppose that it is out of our usual course.

ANON.

It is easier to acquire a birtue than to get rid of a bice.

Great men need to be lifted upon the shoulders of the whole world, in order to conceibe their great ideas or perform their great deeds. That is, there must be an atmosphere of greatness round about them. A hero cannot be a hero unless in an heroic world.

HAWTHORNE.

Twice or thrice the young bird may be deceibed, but before the eyes of the full-fledged it is bain to spread the net, or speed the arrow.

DANTE.

In literature, quotation is good only when the writer whom I follow goes my way, and, being better mounted than I, gibes me a cast, as we say; but if I like the gay equipage so well as to go out of my road, I had better have gone afoot.

EMERSON.

Inbentibe power is the only quality of which the Creatibe Intelligence seems to be economical; just as with our largest human minds, that is the dibinest of faculties, and the one that most exhausts the mind which exercises it.

HOLMES.

The minds of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye, contract themselbes the more, the stronger light there is shed upon them.

MOORE.

If we should take away from the length of our days those which the impatience of our desires has wished away, the longest life would be much shortened.

ANON.

Strength goes straight. Every cannon-ball that has in it hollows and holes goes crooked.

The begin by profiting by the weakness of n man who is too kind, and end by laughing at him.

When at a game of chance, the play is ended, the loser, griebing, stays, and repeating each throw, sadly learns how fortune may be mended, while all the rest go with the winner.

A philosophy which creates antinomies may have the highest merit but one; the highest of all is reserved for a philosophy that resolves them.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

To err is human; but the pain felt for the crime that has been committed separates the good from the bad.

Alfieri.

I beliebe—I daily find it probed—that we can get nothing in this world worth keeping, not so much as a principle or a condiction, except out of purifying slame, or through strengthening peril.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

A wide-spreading, hopeful disposition is your only true umbrella in this bale of tears.

ALDRICH.

Philosophy.

As fire, when it is thrown into water, is cooled down and put out, so also a false accusation, when brought against a man of the purest and holiest character, falls away at once and banishes.

All successful men habe agreed in one thing,—they were causationists. They believed that things went not by luck, but by law. Belief in compensation—or, that nothing is got for nothing—characterizes all baluable minds.

EMERSON.

A thought is often original though you habe uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you ober a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

Pappiness is where it is found, and seldom where it is sought.

ANON.

The are not all able to accomplish the same things. $$_{\rm VIRGIL}$,$

Enby, like flame, blackens that which is above it and which it cannot reach.

A rogue alibe to the ridiculous is still conbertible. If that sense is lost, his fellow-men can do little for him.

An enemy's misfortune softens the rancor of the good, but strengthens that of the bad, as sun melts the snow and hardens mud.

ANON.

In extreme danger, fear turns a deaf ear to every feeling of pity.

CÆSAR.

There is nothing which wings its flight so swiftly as calumny, nothing which is attered with more ease; nothing is listened to with more readiness, nothing dispersed more widely.

CICERO.

Ho man can make a speech alone. It is the great human power that strikes up from a thousand minds that acts upon him and makes the speech.

GARFIELD.

Then any one remains modest not after praise but after censure, then he is truly so.

RICHTER.

Philosophy.

I commend fortune while she stays; if she flaps her swiftly-mobing wings, I resign what she has bestowed, and, wrapping myself in the mantle of mine own integrity, seek only honest poberty.

Enment your kinsmen with moderation, for they are not dead, but have gone before on the same road along which we must necessarily pass; then we, too, hereafter, shall come to the same resting-place, about to spend the remainder of our time along with them.

Antiphanes.

The imprudent man reflects on what he has said; the wise man, on what he is going to say.

ANON.

The critic is often more pleased with the fault he alone finds in a book, than with all the beauties which he admires in the rest of the work.

ANON.

Some disbeliebe in others' woes that they need not pity them; others deplore all, that they may get rid of allebiating any.

ANON.

Do not be supercilious, but cling to the things which appear best to you in such a manner as though you were conscious of having been appointed by God to this position.

The often hate for one little reason, when there are a thousand why we should lobe.

ANON.

There 's nothing like settling with ourselves as there 's n deal we must do without i' this life.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Thou shouldst ent to libe, not libe to ent.

There is no luck in literary reputation. They who make up the final berdict upon every book are not the partial and noisy readers of the hour when it appears, but a court as of angels, a public not to be bribed, not to be entreated, and not to be oberawed.

The always find better reasons for liking life than the fear of death, and yet that is the best.

ANON.

Philosophy.

The worst drop of bitterness can never be wrung on to our lips from without: the lowest depth of resignation is not to be found in martyrdom; it is only to be found when we have covered our heads in silence, and felt: "I am not worthy to be a martyr; the truth shall prosper, but not by me."

Wherefore we must by all means keep distinct two kinds of cause,—the one necessary, the other dibine. And while, with a biew to the true blessedness of life, it is the dibine that, as far as our nature permits, we should everywhere seek; yet, as a means to this end, we must indestigate the necessary too.

PLATO.

If we know the reasons of the regard others bear us, we should be astonished to see how little our own merit has to do with it.

ANON.

How many there are who consult us less to be benefited by our counsel than to be justified by our approbation!

Do you not remember that I am a frail human being? and therefore I habe erred.

Fo proposal is insignificant when addressed to the innocent: purity, like snow, receibes nothing on its surface that does not leave either a trace or a stain.

We can never learn what sort of persons people are when they come to us; we must go to them, if we would know what stuff they are made of, and how they manage or mismanage their surroundings.

We have often thought that the doctrine of the incurnation may have been an indispensable means of gnarding the Church from the most pestilent delusion of philosophy,—that to be dibine, a nature must not feel.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

We estimate services rendered us by others, more by the good they do us than by the trouble they have given them.

ANON.

Philosophy.

Philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey.

GOLDSMITH.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and tomorrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradicts every thing you said to-day.

A man can do what he ought to do; and when he says he cannot, he will not.

Jerceibe that the things which we do are silly; but what can one do? According to men's habits and dispositions, so one must yield to them. TERENCE.

As certain perfumes dribe away noxious insects, so does pure lobe embalm the heart, and dribe away its baser instincts.

All things come from a unibersal, ruling power, either directly or by way of consequence.

. . . Ho not therefore imagine that hurtful things are of another kind from that which thou dost benerate.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

Men willingly beliebe what they wish.

CÆSAR.

There is progress whereber there is a propensity not only to thought but to after-thought.

NOVALIS.

The Old Testament literature was anterior to even the incipient approximation between the two directions of thought; and interpreters who infuse into it Platonic ideas to take out its stains do but blench away the rich colors of its native life, and destroy one of the most picturesque and instructive contrasts in the history of the human tate.

James Martineau.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready serbant of his will.

HUXLEY.

Philosophy.

He who is soonest checkmated,—he who, judging by what is seen merely, comes by the earliest, most disastrous defeat,—may in reality have won the highest moral victory.

SHIARP.

Not to believe in our talent, except to thank God for it, is to sanctify self-love.

ANON.

Every ultimate fact is only the first of a new series. Every general law only a particular fact of some more general law presently to disclose itself.

Philosophy is properly a home-sickness, a longing to be everywhere at home.

NOVALIS.

From 't abide to see men throw away their tools i' that way, the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure i' their work, and was afraid o' doing a stroke too much. . . . The bery grindstone 'ull go on turning a bit after you loose it.

GEORGE ELIOT.

All our strong feelings, like ghosts, hold sway only up to a certain hour; and if a man would always say to himself, "This passion, this grief, this rapture, will in three days certainly be gone from this soul," then would be become more and more tranquil and composed.

RICHTER.

18:

All truly wise thoughts have been already thought thousands of times; but to make them truly ours we must think them over again honestly, till they take firm root in our personal experience.

If there are words and wrongs like knibes, whose deep-inflicted lacerations never heal,—cutting injuries and insults of serrated and poison-dripping edge,—so, too, there are consolations of tone too fine for the ear not fondly bent foreber to retain the echo.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

Growth is better than permanence, and permanent growth is better than all.

Philosophy.

Ho way has heen found for making heroism easy, even for the scholar. Tabor, iron labor, is for him. The world was created as an andience for him; the atoms of which it is made are opportunities.

Things change less than our way of looking at them.





SENTIMENTS.

Golden opinions from all sorts of people.-MACBETH.

HE sayings in this little volume are brought together by no closer resemblance than a general one, in that they are simple, brief, strong utterances of thought, opinion, or advice. Yet the suggestive form of the truths embodied distinguishes them from the questioning air of philosophy, and the commanding one of wisdom, while it marks them as at the same time both wise and philosophic.



There is no scrbice like his that serbes because he loves.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

True courage is like a kite, a contrary wind raises it higher.

An ugly criticism makes more noise than a good book.

ANON.

Society is divided into two classes, the shenrer and the shorn. We should always be with the former against the latter.

Hothing is further than earth from heaben: nothing is nearer than heaben to earth.

When we have not what we love, we must love what we have.

BUSSEY-RABUTIN.

Pretexts are not wanting when one wishes a thing.

GOLDONI.

Tife is long enough for him who knows how to use it.

VOLTAIRE.

Fuck is an *ignis fatuus*. You may follow it to rain, but neber to success.

GARFIELD.

Every man's task is his life preserber. The condiction that his work is dear to God, and cannot be spared, defends him.

He who libes well is the best prencher.

CERVANTES.

Many habe libed on a pedestal who will neber habe a statue when dead. Béranger.

An impatient and untutored spirit regrets and hates words of instruction.

We easily forget our faults when they are known only to ourselbes.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD,

There is something sweeter than receibing praise; the feeling of habing deserbed it.

ANON.

Sincerity and pure truth in every age still pass current.

MONTAIGNE.

The road is long from the intention to the completion.

The world is a beautiful book; but of little use to him who cannot read it.

GOLDONI.

The shallowness of a water-nixie's soul may have a charm until she becomes diductic.

GEORGE ELIOT.

It is more shumeful to be distrustful of our friends than to be deceived by them.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

The love of the past is often but the hatred of the present. DORION.

He takes the greatest ornament from friendship who takes modesty from it. CICERO.

People like to gibe in the broad daylight, but to receibe in the dark. ANON.

Reey close to the shore; let others launch into the main. VIRGIL.

Renunciation remains sorrow, though sorrow borne willingly. GEORGE ELIOT.

A real friend is known in adversity. EMICUS.

He who does a deed by the hand of another, is the same as if he did it himself.

BONIFACE VIII.

The moon looks on many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Anshion is not good sense absolute, but relatibe; not good sense pribate, but good sense entertaining company.

EMERSON.

The first thing a kindness deserbes is acceptance; the next, transmission.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

I hate niggardly hands: gibe us roses in abundance.

The heart has no wrinkles.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

Our likings are regulated by circumstances.

Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good.

IZAAK WALTON.

His own is beautiful to each. CICERO.

Hew persons have courage enough to appear as good as they really are.

Books are not absolutely dead things, but doe contain a potencie of life in them to be as actibe as the soule was whose progeny they are.

MILTON.

The durts of the gods are fixed in the minds of the wicked.

Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.

BACON.

A man's own manner and character is what best becomes him.

Grow we must, if we outgrow all that love us.

Some persons give one a notion of an abyss of shallowness.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

If you are not too large for the place, you are too small for it.

Good deeds ring clear through heaben like a bell.

I pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

GARFIELD.

Alhat ought not to be done do not even think of doing.

Feeling 's a sort o' knowledge.

GEORGE ELIOT.

To Adam, Paradise was home; to the good among his descendants, home is Paradise.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

Rarer than the author who makes his books liked, is the one who makes himself loved in them.

ANON.

Be not simply good—be good for something.

THOREAU.

I dare no more fret than I dare curse and swear.

John Wesley.

The life of the dend arises from being present to the mind of the libing.

So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselbes.

In a mist the heights can for the most part see each other; but the balleys cannot.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as in mathematics.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

It is the will o' Them above us a many things should be dark to us; but there is some things as I be never felt i' the dark about, and they ire mostly what comes i' the day's work.

GEORGE ELIOT.

There is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in an explanation of our gusts and storms.

GEORGE ELIOT.

To not weep, my dear lady; your tears are too precious to be shed for me; bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn.

STERNE.

The right word is always a power, and communicates its definiteness to our action.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The candlestick set in a low place has given light as faithfully, where it was needed, as that apon a hill.

MARGARET FULLER.

The Pyramids themselbes, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.

THOMAS FULLER.

The supreme happiness of life is the condiction that we are loved; loved for ourselbes—say, rather, in spite of ourselbes.

VICTOR HUGO.

Riches habe wings; for I see those who once had them falling from their high hopes.

EURIPIDES.

A sensible man does not brag, aboids introducing the names of his creditable companions, omits himself as habitually as another man obtrudes himself in the discourse, and is content

with putting his fact or theme simply on its ground.

EMERSON.

A mind that is softened and humanized by friendship cannot bear frequent reproaches: either it must quite sink under the oppression, or abate considerably of the balue and esteem it had for him who bestows them.

ADDISON.

It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow that it finds solace in unselfish thought.

GARFIELD.

A speech, being a matter of adaptation, and having to win opinions, should contain a little for the few, and a great deal for the many.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

The death of a mother is the first sorrow wept without her.

To whomsoever the holy dead are of no consequence, to him the living are so too. RICHTER.

The heart has reasons that reason does not know.

Modesty and dew alike love the shade; both shine forth in daylight only to sour to heaven.

ANON.

Benebolence is inbincible, if it be not an affected smile, nor acting a part.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

Tife appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Mhat is our life but an endless flight of winged facts or events! In splendid variety these changes come, all putting questions to the human spirit.

Inquisitibe people are the funnels of conbersation; they do not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

STEELE.

The must not take the faults of our youth into our old age; for old age brings with it its own defects.

The human soul is hospitable, and will entertain conflicting sentiments and contradictory opinions with much impartiality.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The cask will long retain the odor of that which has once been poured into it when new.

HORACE.

Most men employ the first part of their life to make the other part miserable.

LA BRUYÈRE.

All men are fools, and he who does not wish to see them must remain in his chamber and break his looking-glass.

MARQUIS DE LADE.

By diligence and self-command, let a man put the bread he eats at his own disposal, that he may not stand in bitter and false relations to other men; for the best good of wealth is freedom.

EMERSON.

Stand firm as any tower, which never shakes its top, whateher wind may blow.

DANTE.

A philosopher is the last sort of animal I should choose to resemble. I find it enough to libe, without spinning lies to account for life.

The see men fall from high positions because of the bery faults through which they rose.

LA BRUYÈRE.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The basis of good manners is self-reliance. Recessity is the law of all who are not selfpossessed. Those who are not self-possessed obtrude, and pain us.

Whoeber knows how to return a kindness he has receibed must be a friend beyond all price.

SOPHOCLES.

The moral sentiment of what is called the world, is made up in great measure of ill-will and enby.

GOETHE.

A grateful mind is not only the greatest of birtues, but the purent of all the other birtues.

Fet us believe neither half the good people say of us nor half the evil they say of others.

ANON.

The bine bears three clusters; the first of pleasure; the second of drunkenness: the third of insult.

EPICTETUS.

It is along the paths of birtue that we soar upward to the blessed state of those pure spirits who dwell in paradise.

SALOMON GESSNER.

When what is good comes of age and is likely to like, there is reason for rejoicing.

GEORGE ELIOT.

He who imitates what is evil always goes beyond the example that is set; on the contrary he who imitates what is good always falls short.

GUICCIARDINI.

There is a certain noble pride through which merits shine brighter than through modesty.

RICHTER

If the course of human events be considered, it will be seen that many things arise against which Beaben does not allow us to guard.

MACHIAVELLI.

Ebery thing that one says too much is insipid and tedious.

'T is a great point in a gallery, how you hang pictures; and not less in society, how you seat your party. When a man meets his accurate mate, society begins, and life is delicious.

EMERSON.

I man's accusations of himself are always believed, his paises never.
MONTAIGNE.

Ribers are roads which mobe, and curry as whithersoeber we wish to go.

PASCAL.

We are all strong enough to endure the misfortunes of others.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

III-gotten gains are neber worth the price, and a good conscience neber costs what it is worth.

ANON.

These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God to-day.

DMERSON.

The bery truth hath a color from the disposition of the utterer, GEORGE ELIOT.

Is life so dear, or pence so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slabery? Horbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.

PATRICK HENRY.

It is not fit that I should gibe myself pain; for I have never intentionally giben pain even to another.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I am confinced that if the birtuosi could once find out a world in the moon, with a passage to it, our women would wear nothing but what directly came from thence.

Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world.

CHESTERFIELD.

The theatre has often been at bariance with the pulpit; they ought not, I think, to quarrel. How much is it to be wished that in both, the celebration of nature and of God were intrusted to none but men of noble minds.

The law of the table is Benuty—a respect to the common soul of all the guests. Every thing is unseasonable which is private to two or three or any portion of the company.

EMERSON.

When the sting of slander stings thee, let this be thy comfort: They are not the worst fruits on which the wasps alight.

BURGER.

Fon't be a cynic and disconsolate preacher. Pon't bewail and bemonn. Omit the negatibe propositions. Herbe us with incessant affirmatibes. Pon't waste yourself in rejection, nor bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good.

Ecannot abide to see men throw away their

tools the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure in their work, and was afraid o' doing a stroke too much. The bery grinstone 'll go on turning a bit after you loose it.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Pathos in situations that are homely, or at all connected with domestic affections, naturally mobes in Saxon words. . . Because the Saxon is the original element of our language it comprehends all the ideas which are natural to the heart of man, and to the elementary situations of life.

By friendship, I suppose you mean the greatest lobe, the greatest usefulness, and the most open communications, and the most exemplary faithfulness, and the seberest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brabe men and women are capable.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Imagined ills painted by our fears, are always greater than the true.

METASTASIO.

The court is like a palace built of marble; I mean that it is made up of bery hard and bery polished people.

LA BRUYÈRE.

Plans which are wise and predent in themselves, are rendered bain when the execution of them is carried on negligently and with impradence.

GUICCIARDINI.

Heber hold any one by the button or the hand in order to be heard out; for, if people are unwilling to hear you it is better to hold your tongue than them.

CHESTERFIELD.

Ebil habits soil a full dress more than mud; good manners, by their deeds, easily set off a lowly garb.

PLAUTUS.

It is a sad weakness, in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred too;—as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey.

George eliot.

It is an odd debice, when a fellow commits a crime, to send him to the antipodes for it. That a rogue, by picking a pocket, should earn the circuit of half the globe, seems really meant as a parody on the conceptions of those who hold that the happiness of a future life will consist mainly in going the round of all the countries they have not bisited in the present.

Augustus hare.

What is it we look for in the landscape, in sunsets and sunrises, in the sen and the firmament? What but a compensation for the cramp and pettiness of human performance.

EMERSON.

As for me I am persuaded that if in my youth I had been taught all the truths of which I have since sought the demonstrations, I should never, perhaps, have known any others, or at least never have acquired the habit and facility which I think I possess of finding new ones.

DESCARTES.

There is as much difference between good poetry and fine berses, as between the smell of a flowergarden and a persumer's shop.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

Fife is made up, not of great sucritices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

To be right in great memorable moments, is perhaps the thing we need most desire for ourselbes.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Where and who I shall be, I shall be, that I am now, a power in the system of all powers, a being in the interminable harmony of a world of God.

HERDER.

How often while women and girls sit warm at sweet firesides, their hearts and imaginations are doomed to diborce from the comfort surrounding their persons, forced out by night to wander through dark ways, to dare stress of weather, to contend with the snow-blast, to wait at lonely gates and stiles in wildest storms, watching and listening to see and hear the father, the son, the husband coming home.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Our opinion of ourselbes, like our shudow, makes us either too big or too little.

ANON.

Man is ever clogged with his mortality, and it was my mortal nature which now pattered and plained. CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

The prebarication and white lies which a mind that keeps itself ambitiously pure is as uneasy under as a great artist under the false touches that no eye detects but his own, are worn as lightly as mere trimmings when once the actions have become a lie.

George eliot.

Ho mockery in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. . . . Happiness is not a potato to be planted in mould and tilled with manure. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of headen. Charlotte bronte.

All merit ceases the moment we perform an act for the sake of the consequences. Truly in this respect we have our reward. HUMBOLDT.

There is nothing which continues longer than a moderate fortune; nothing of which one sees the end sooner than a large fortune.

LA BRUYÈRE.

Absence lessens wenk and increases biolent passions, as wind extinguishes tapers and lights up a fire.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

In the sorrows of women would be aberted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nuy, the speech they have resolved not to after.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Modernte speed is n sure help to all proceedings; where those things which are prosecuted with biolence of endenbor or desire, either succeed not, or continue not.

JOSEPH HALL.

Modesty is to merit what shade is to figures in a picture, gibing it strength and relief.

LA BRUYÈRE.

Mhateber we conceive well we express clearly, and words flow with ease. Boileau.

Asually, the more fortune a man acquires, the less does he care to please others; in return, they become more anxious to please him; so that the sum of civilities between them remains the same, but differently divided.

Anon.

Time flies, and draws us with it. The moment in which I am speaking is already far from me.

He only is fit to be chosen for a friend, who can do those offices for which friendship is excellent.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Friendship closes its eyes rather than see the moon eclipsed; while malice denies that it is ever at the full.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

Childhood has no forebodings; but then it is soothed by no memories of outlibed sorrow.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Fosten shed tears in the motley Strand, for feeling of joy at so much life.

LAMB.

Wherefore, Publius, thou and all the good must keep the soul in the body, nor must men leave this life without the permission of the Being by whom it has been given.

Let us choose the best road to lead to the right; but to escupe the ebil, let us take the shortest cut.

ANON.

The rose does not bloom without thorns.

True; but would that the thorns did not outlibe the rose!

RICHTER.

Fonor is like an island, rugged and without a landing place; we can neber more re-enter when we are once outside of it.

BOILEAU.

Is not anger a cursed bice? Pes, Certes. Has, it taketh away from man his wit and reason, and all his debonaire life spiritual, that should keep his soul.

I 'm no fool myself; I 'm forced to wink a good deal, for fear of seeing too much, for a neighborly man must let himself he cheated a little.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Hot only the incoming and outgoing of life are hidden with a manifold beil, but even the short puth itself; as around Egyptian temples,

so around the greatest of all temples, sphinxes lie; and, redecising the case as it was with the sphinx, he only solves the riddle who dies.

RICHTER.

So may Henben's grace clear away the foam from thy conscience, that the riber of thy thoughts may roll limpid thenceforth.

DANTE.

There is no greater grief than in misery to turn our thoughts back to happier times.

DANTE.

An eberlasting Now reigns in Nature, which hangs the same roses on our bushes which charmed the Roman and the Chaldwan in their hanging gardens.

Oh, the wound of conscience is no scar, and Time cools it not with his wing, but merely keeps it open with his scythe.

RICHTER.

Thy true speech will sow in my heart meek humility, and allay what tumors rankle there.

DANTE.

From sider that the spirit of politeness is a certain desire to bring it about, that by our words and manners others may be pleased with us and with themselbes.

MONTESQUIEU.

However well disposed we may be to forgibe the harm said of us, it is better never to have known it than to have it to forget.

ANON.

The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Talking is like playing the harp. There is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their bibrations as in twanging them to bring out the music.

HOLMES.

Any man may occasionally be mistaken as to the means most conducibe to the end which he has in biew, but if the end be just and praiseworthy, it is by it that he will be ultimately judged.

CANNING.

Ah, I often think it 's wi' th' old folks as it is wi' the babbies; they 're satisfied wi' looking,

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no matter what they 're looking at. It 's God A'mighty's way o' quietening 'em, I reckon, afore they go to sleey.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The ought to hear at least one little song every day, read a good poem, see a first-rate painting, and, if possible, speak a few sensible words.

GOETHE.

They who have the wit that is in you, often transfer to themselves the glory got by others' care and toil.

The love Addison for his banities as much as for his birtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him; we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so.

THACKERAY.

The man that neither blushes nor fears, has the initiative to every kind of shamelessness.

YOUNG.

Persons who can only be graceful and ornamental—who give the world nothing but flowers—should die young, and never be seen with gray hairs and wrinkles. . . . Hot that beauty is

not worthy of immortality. Hothing else, indeed, is worthy of it; and thence, perhaps, the sense of impropriety when we see it triumphed over by time.

I weigh the man, not his title; 't is not the king's stamp can make the metal better.

WYCHERLEY.

Seriously speaking, we must hold it a remarkable thing that every Englishman should be a "gentleman"; that in so democratic a country our common title of honour-which all men assert for themselbes—should be one which professedly depends on station, on accidents, rather than on qualities! or at best, as Coleridge interprets it, "on a certain indifference to money matters"; which certain indifference again must be wise or mad, you would think, exactly as one possesses much money or possesses little! The suppose it must be the commercial genius of the nation, counteracting and suppressing its political genius; for the Americans are said to be still more notable in this respect than we. Row, what a hollow, windy bacuity of internal character this in-

dicates; how, in place of a rightly-ordered heart, we stribe only to exhibit a full purse; and all pushing, rushing, elbowing on toward a false aim, the courtier's hibes are more and more galled by the toc of the peasant: and on every side, instead of faith, hope, and charity, we have neediness, greediness, and bain glory.

CARLYLE.

Besides the general infusion of wit to heighten civility, the direct splendor of intellectual power is ever welcome in fine society us the costliest addition to its rule and its credit.

EMERSON.

I gathered, from some conversation that I heard, that a son of Adam is to be buried this afternoon from the meeting-house; but the name escaped me. It is no great matter, so it be written in the Book of Life. HAWTHORNE.

There exists in England a gentlemanly character, a gentlemanly feeling, bery different even from that which is the most like it—the character of a well-born Spaniard, and unexampled in the rest of Europe.

I know no such sure test of a gentleman as this, that he never corrects a solecism in conversation, or seems to know that a solecism has been committed.

BALZAC.

The man who melts with social sympathy, though not allied, is of more worth than a thousand kinsmen.

The spirit of chibalry left behind it a more baluable successor. The character of knight gradually subsided in that of gentleman.

HALLAM.

The join ourselbes to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Anion.

RUFUS CHOATE.

Gentleman is a bery expressible word in our language—a word denoting an assemblage of many real birtues, and an union of manners at once pleasing and commanding respect.

CHARLES BUTLER.

It is the glory of a woman that she was sent into the world to libe for others, rather than for

herself; and therefore I shall say, let her smallest rights be respected, her smallest wrongs redressed. Kingsley.

. I hate boldness—that boldness which is of the brussy brow and insensate across; but I love the courage of the strong heart, the ferbor of the generous blood.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

Reserve is the freedom and abandonment of lovers: It is the reserve of what is hostile or indifferent in their natures, to give place to what is kindred and harmonious. I true friendship is as wise as it is tender.

THOREAU.

Ingenious philosophers tell you, perhaps, that the great work of the steam-engine is to create leisure for mankind. Bo not believe them: it only creates a bacuum for eager thought to rush in. Even Idleness is eager now.

GEORGE ELIOT.

I maintain that those who have died honorably, are alive, rather than that those live who lead dishonored lives.

Perhaps if we could penetrate Inture's secrets we should find that what we call needs are more essential to the well-being of the world than the most precious grain or fruit.

HAWTHORNE.

Earth shows no fairer sight than the old man whose worn-out brain and nerves make it painful, and perhaps impossible, to produce fresh thought himself, but who can yet welcome smilingly the fresh thoughts of others; who keeps unwearied his faith in God's government of the universe, in God's continual education of the human race.

KINGSLEY.

I cannot help expressing to you how happy beyond description I feel, on reflecting that my father was able to exert, in their full bigor, the sentiments and eloquence that always distinguished him. . . . We spoke in a glow of eloquence, and with a beauty of expression, animated and striking beyond description.

From a letter written by William Pitt to his mother, concerning his father's speech in favor of cessation of hostilities with America.

There is no real life but cheerful life; therefore baletudinarians should be sworn, before they enter into company, not to say a word of themselbes till the meeting breaks up.

Addison.

Every person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some locked; some bolted,—with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front-door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The sidedoor opens at once into the sacred chambers.

HOLMES.

In the pathway of life only great obstacles are seen, and yet it is the little hindrance that obsercomes us. A wall may stop us perhaps, but a little stone trips us up.

ANON.

One morning follows another; then, while we are heedless of our coming doom, suddenly the dark one will step in.

AMMIANUS.

No peryetual motion, God be praised! has yet been discovered for free governments. For the impulse which keeps them going, they are indebted mainly to subordinate reforms.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

The whole countenance is a certain silent language of the mind.

In passing along the path of life, unless we have the light of Penben shed upon us every bold spirit is seized with dismay; the heart fails and the feet falter.

METASTASIO.

Hon never stained your face with walnut-juice or ronge; you never delighted in dresses indelicately low; your single ornament was a loveliness which no age could destroy; your special glory was a conspicuous chastity.

Seneca,

In a letter to his mother.

Those who till n spot of earth scarcely larger than is wanted for n grabe, habe deserbed that the sun should shine upon its sod till biolets answer.

Time, with its mighty strides, will soon reach a future generation, and leabe the present in death and in forgetfulness behind it.

CHALMERS.

Slander is a poison which extinguishes charity, both in the slanderer and in the person who listens to it; so that a single calumny may probe fatal to an infinite number of souls, since it kills not only those who circulate it, but also all those who do not reject it.

SAINT BERARD.

It is bery pleasant to see some men turn round; pleasant as a sudden rush of warm air in winter, or a flash of firelight in the chill dush.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Manners form at last a rich barnish, with which the routine of life is washed, and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dewdrops which give such a depth to the morning mendows.

My soul tasted that heavenly food which gives new appetite while it satisfies.

DANTE.

Truth, I cried, though the headens crush me for following her; no falsehood, though a whole celestial lubberland were the price of apostasy.

CARLYLE.

To become a good man is truly difficult, square as to his hands and feet, fashioned without fault.

HORACE.

Piety und religion chiefly flourish in our souls when we are occupied in didine services.

PYTHAGORAS.

Books are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares, and lay our disappointments asleep. Then we are weary of the libing, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peebishness, pride, or design in their conversation.

There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading, well directed, ober the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works in-

sensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

It is a most unjust ambition to desire to engross the mercies of the Almighty, nor to be content with the goods of mind without a possession of those of body or fortune.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Heber does a man portray his own character more bibidly than in his manner of portraying another.

RICHTER.

Ahoeber thou art that hast become rich from great poberty, use thy good fortune with moderation.

AUSONIUS.

It went deep into his heart, like the melody of a song that sounds up from childhood.

RICHTER.

But fraud, which is an ill peculiarly man's own, displeases God most; and therefore the fraudulent fall lower, and groun with deeper anguish.

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Those that dure lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dure mis-spend it, desperate.

JOSEPH HALL.

Books are the legacies that genius leabes to mankind, to be delibered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn.

ADDISON.

Every thing that thou reprobest in another, thou must above all take care that thou art not thuself guilty of.

For I am not at all uneasy that I came into, and have so far passed my course in this world; because I have so lived in it, that I have reason to believe I have been of some use to it; and when the close comes, I shall quit life as I would an inn, and not as a real home.

Fame is not won on downy plumes nor under canopies; the man who consumes his days without obtaining it, leabes such mark of himself on earth as smoke on air, or foam on water.

DANTE.

A relationship in pursuits and habits is almost as important as the relationship of name and family.

The less power a man has, the more he likes to use it.

ANON.

De immortal gods, where in the world are we?

Plato is my friend, Socrates is my friend; but Cruth is a friend that I balue above both.

ARISTOTLE.

Hature is sanatibe, refining, elebating. How cunningly she hides every wrinkle of her inconceibable antiquity under roses, and biolets, and morning dew.

Wish to win the suffrages of your own inward approval, wish to appear beautiful to God.

EPICTETUS.

For my part, I am delighted to find a few flowers on the mile-stones as I pass along. No matter how simple they are: a buttercup is as good as a japonica; somebody placed it there

who remembered that I was going by, and that is sufficient.

-Lydia Maria Child on birthday mementoes.

As characters traced on white paper with sympathetic ink can only be made legible by fire, so our heart's characters cannot be read unless warmed by friendship.

Anon.

I know not why we should delay our tokens of respect to those who deserbe them, until the heart that our sympathy could have gladdened, has ceased to beat. Is men cannot read the epitaphs inscribed upon the marble that covers them, so the tombs that we erect to birtue often only probe our repentance that we neglected them when with us.

Retribution may come from any boice; the hardest, cruelest, most embruted archin at the street corner can inflict it; surely help and pity are rarer things—more needful for the righteous to bestow.

GEORGE ELIOT.

I announce to all men that noble children are sprung from noble sires. TERENCE.

The true bards have been noted for their firm and cheerful temper. Homer lies in sunshine; Chaucer is glad and exect. Not less sobereign and cheerful,—much more sobereign and cheerful, is the tone of Shakespeare.

In a gentleman appear all the great and solid perfections of life, with a beautiful gloss and barnish; every thing that he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the good-will of every beholder.

STEELE.

The success of a good book may be slow, but it will come; that of a bad one may be swift, but it soon passes away.

Anon.

Tell me what you find better or more honorable than age. Is not wisdom entailed upon it? Take the pre-eminence of it in every thing; in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree.

SCOTT.

Mit and wisdom are born with a man.

JOHN SELDEN.

The polite of every country seem to have but one character. It is among the bulgar that we find those distinctions which characterize a people.

Just as music must have its diminished fifths, its flat sevenths, its flourishes, as well as its perfect chords and simple melodies, so conversation must have its partial truths, its embellished truths, its exaggerated truths.

The dutifulness of children is the foundation of all birtnes.

We can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough except by suffering. George eliot.

Religious principles inculcated in a child's heart are like golden unils which time drives in faster, and no philosophical claw can completely draw out.

ANON.

What good does the purple do on the garment? Why, it is splendid in itself, and splendid also in the example which it affords.

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The remembrance of a beloved mother becomes a shadow to all our actions; it precedes or follows them.

Anon.

Anless thought perpetually renews its youth, and lifts a seeking eye afresh to the libing light, decrepitude and waste befall whatever it has achiebed.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

Gentle sleep despises not the humble cottages of rustics, nor the shaded banks, nor balleys whose foliage wabes with the western wind.

HORACE.

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it.

EMERSON.

It is a brief period of life that is granted us by nature, but the memory of a well-spent life never dies.

Some people carry their hearts in their heads; bery many carry their heads in their hearts. The difficulty is to keep them apart, and yet both actively working together.

MARCUS HARE.

Fobe is a secondary passion in those who lobe most, a primary in those who lobe least. He who is inspired by it in a great degree is inspired by honor in a greater.

LANDOR.

It is one of my constant regrets, in this generation, that men to whom the gods have given a genius will insist, in such an extrest time as ours has grown, in bringing out their divine gift in the shape of verse, which now no man reads entirely in extrest.

Whenever an accumulation of small defences is found, whether surrounding the prude's birtue or the man of the world's respectability, there, be sure, it is needed.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

The heart's instinctibe loyalty to the poet is proof of its consciousness that he is the harmonizer, strengthener, and consoler.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Always there is seed being sown silently and unseen, and eberywhere there come up sweet flowers without our foresight or labor. We reap

what we sow, but Nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The apparent and the real progress of human affairs are both well illustrated in a waterfall: where the same noisy, bubbling eddies continue for months and years, though the water which froths in them changes every moment.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

A beneficent person is like a fountain watering the earth and spreading fertility; it is therefore more delightful and more honorable to give than to receive.

Aeber hunt trouble. However dead a shot one may be, the gun he carries on such expeditions is sure to kick or go off half-cocked.

ARTEMUS WARD.

Aust as those who have heard a symphony carry in their ears the tune and sweetness of the song which entangles their thoughts, and does not

suffer them to give their whole energy to serious matters; so the conversation of flatterers and of those who praise evil things, lingers longer in the mind than the time of hearing it.

Seneca.

The poet's berse slides into the current of our blood. The rend it when young, we remember it when old.

SAMUEL SMILES.

If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer of the great, a led captain, or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a beggar.

LAMB.

Children need some childish talk, some childish play, some childish books. But they also need, and need more, difficulties to obsercome, and a sense of the bast mysteries which the progress of their intelligence shall aid them to unrabel.

MARGARET FULLER.

The heart needs not for its henden much space, nor many stars therein, if only the star of lobe has risen.

I helping word in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track,—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

BEECHER.

Ressons to be learned from the hamility and cheerfulness of the grass. Its humility, in that it seems created only for lowest service,—appointed to be trodden upon. Its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. Pon roll it, and it is stronger the next day; you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots as if it were grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfame.

Adbersity reminds men of religion. LIVY.

Girls are protected as if they were something bery frail or silly indeed, while boys are turned loose on the world as if they, of all beings in existence, were the wisest and least liable to be led astray.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

God is where the sun glows, God is where the biolet blooms, is where you bird flups its wings,

is where this worm is mobing. Though no friend, no man, he with thee, fear nothing! Thy God is here.

Feeling without judgment is a washy draught indeed; but judgment untempered by feeling is too bitter and husky a morsel for human deglutition.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

To find a noble human soul is gain; it is nobler to keep it; and the noblest and most difficult is to sabe that which is already lost.

HERDER.

Cenbes are light, and uscless, and idle, and wabering, and changeable; they even dance: yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing He has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see the light-someness without.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

The power which thinks and works within us is, according to its nature, a power as neberdying as that which holds together sans and stars.

. . . Its nature is eternal as the divine mind,

and the supports of my being (not of my corporeal form) are as firm as the pillars of the uniberse.

HERDER.

How different is a walk with a religious man from one with a bulgar, worldly soul! The earth appeared to him holy, just fallen from the hands of the Creator; it was to him as if he were walking in a planet hanging over as and clothed with flowers.

Every day is a gift I receive from Penben; let me enjoy to-day that which it bestows on me. It belongs not more to the young than to me, and to-morrow belongs to no one.

FRANÇOIS DE MAUCROIX.

The tale of Pivine Pity was never yet believed from lips that were not felt to be moved by human pity.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Your fame is no the grass, whose hue comes and goes, and His might withers it, by whose power it sprang from the lap of earth.

I awoke this morning with debout thanksgibing for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts?

EMERSON.

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her boice the harmony of the world; all things in heaben and earth do her homage, the bery least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.

THOMAS HOOKER.

Tife is a series of surprises, and would not be worth taking or keeping, if it were not. God delights to isolate as every day, and hide from as the past and the future.

EMERSON.

As a state ought to acknowledge God in its public capacity, so ought each indibidual family. VIRGIL.

I am glad to think that God sees through my heart, and, if any angel has power to penetrate into it, he is welcome to know every thing that is there. Pes, and so may any mortal who is capa-

ble of full sympathy, and therefore worthy to come into my depths. But he must find his own way there. I can neither guide nor enlighten him.

He is now trabelling along that darksome path to the bourne from which, they say, no one ever returns.

CATULLUS.

Drawing near her death, she sent most pions thoughts as harbingers to henben; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.

THOMAS FULLER.

It seems to me it's the same with love and happiness as with sorrow—the more we know of it the better we can feel what other people's lives are or might be, and so we shall only be more tender to 'em, and wishful to help 'em.

GEORGE ELIOT.

© Peath, thou dost not trouble my designs, thou accomplishest them. Haste then, © faborable Beath! Bossuer.

Thou art not born to misery; the Almighty never called any of his creatures into existence to render them unhappy; yet man may be wretched from his own follies and bices.

SALOMON GESSNER.

Religion is the blessedness arising from a knowledge of God. . . A code of mornlity only rules bad, unlobing souls, in order that they may become first better and then good. But the lobing contemplation of the soul's first friend, who abundantly animates those laws, banishes not merely the bad thoughts which conquer, but those also which tempt. As the eagle flies high above the highest mountains, so does true lobe above struggling duty.

Every one has his allotted time upon earth; a brief and irretrievable space is given to all; but it is birtue's work alone to stretch the narrow space by noble deeds.

VIRGIL.

In the morning when thou risest unwillingly let these thoughts be present: "I am rising to the work of a human being, why, then, am I

dissatisfied if I am going to do the things for which I exist, and for which I was brought into the world? Or have I been made for this, to lie in the bedelothes and keep myself warm? But this is more pleasant." Post thou exist, then, to take thy pleasure, and not for action or exertion?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

The fame of the dead fisherman has outlibed the glory of the Eternal City.

GARFIELD.

Ghen from a corner it is possible to spring up into heaben: rise, therefore, and form thyself into a fashion worthy of God; thou caust not do this, however, with gold and silver; an image like to God cannot be formed out of such materials as these.

SENECA.

Some men treat the God of their fathers as they do their father's friend; they do not deny him; by no means; they only deny themselves to him, when he is good enough to call upon them.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

Had I been a nightingale, I should have sung the songs of a nightingale, or had I been a swan, the songs of a swan; but, being a reasonable being, it is my duty to hymn God.

EPICTETUS.

God is near you, is with you, is within you. SENECA.

Reber do any thing concerning the rectitude of which you have a doubt.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

It is sad to think that the day may come to each of us, when we shall have ceased to hope for discovery and for progress; when a thing will seem a priori false to us, simply because it is new; and when we shall say querulously to the Pibine Light which lightens every man who comes into the world: "Pitherto shalt thou come, and no farther." Kingsley.

Rest satisfied that whateber is by the appointment of Henden is right, is best.

JAMES HERVEY.

The grand essentials of happiness are, something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

Always say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room like a beautiful fire-fly, whose happy convolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting his troubles.

ARTHUR HELPS.

We hold rennions, not for the dead, for there is nothing in all the earth that you and I can do for the dead. . . They do not need us, but foreber and foreber more we need them.

GARFIELD.

Alhateber your present self may be, resolve with all your strength never to degenerate thence.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

Grief, it is truly said, is sacred; but grief brought forward promiscuously, harped uyon,

Sentiments.

The greatness of the mighty dead has always consisted in this, that they were seekers, improbers, inbentors, endued with that divine power and right of discovery which has been bestowed on us, even as on them.

KINGSLEY.



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